

THE
WORKS

OF

WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

VOL. XLI.

ROMANCES VOL. XXXII.

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ZWICKAU,

PRINTED FOR BROTHERS SCHUMANN

1823.

(20)





*Laurent inv. & sc.*

*Montrose. Vol. II.*



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TALES OF MY LANDLORD,

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED

BY

JEBEDIAH CLEISHBOTHAM.

*Hear, Land o' Cukes and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirke to Jonny Groats',
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye tent it,
A chiel's amang you takin' notes,
An' faith he'll prent it.*

BURNS.

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W. H. O. 2

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Epigram on a visit to Inverary.

THE Captain finding himself deprived of light, in the manner we have described, and placed in a very uncertain situation, proceeded to descend the narrow and broken stair with all the caution in his power, hoping that he might find at the bottom some place to repose himself. But with all his care he could not finally avoid making a false step, which brought him down the four or five last steps too hastily to preserve his equilibrium. At the bottom he stumbled over a bundle of something soft, which stirred

and uttered a groan, so deranging the Captain's descent, that he floundered forward, and finally fell upon his hands and knees on the floor of a damp and stonepaved dungeon.

When Dalgetty had recovered, his first demand was to know over whom he had stumbled.

"He was a man a month since," answered a hollow and broken voice.

"And what is he now, then," said Dalgetty, "that he thinks it fitting to lie upon the lowest step of the stairs, and clew'd up like a hurchin, that honourable cavaliers, who chance to be in trouble, may break their noses over him?"

"What is he now?" replied the same voice; "He is a wretched trunk, from which the boughs have one by one been lopped away, and which cares little how soon it is torn up and hewed into billets for the furnace."

"Friend," said Dalgetty, "I am sorry for you; but *patienza*, as the Spaniard says. If you had but been as quiet as a log, as you call yourself, I should have saved some excoriations on my hands and knees."

"You are a soldier," replied his fellow-prisoner; "do you complain on account of a fall for which a boy would not bemoan himself?"

"A soldier?" said the Captain; "and how do you know, in this cursed dark cavern, that I am a soldier?"

“I heard your armour clash as you fell,” replied the prisoner, “and now I see it glimmer. When you have remained as long as I in this darkness, your eyes will distinguish the smallest cleft that crawls on the floor.”

“I had rather the devil picked them out!” said Dalgetty; “if this be the case, I shall wish for a short turn of the rope, a soldier’s prayer, and a leap from a ladder. But what sort of provant have you got here — what food, I mean, brother in affliction?”

“Bread and water once a day,” replied the voice.

“Pri’thee, friend, let me taste your loaf,” said Dalgetty; “I hope we shall play good comrades while we dwell together in this abominable pit.”

“The loaf and jar of water,” answered the other prisoner “stand in the corner, two steps to your right hand. Take them, and welcome. With earthly food I have well nigh done.”

Dalgetty did not wait for a second invitation, but groping out the provisions, began to munch at the stale black oaten loaf with as much heartiness as we have seen him play his part at better viands.

“This bread,” he said, muttering with his mouth full at the same time, “is not very savoury; nevertheless, it is not much worse than

that which we ate at the famous leaguer at Werben, where the valorous Gustavus foiled all the efforts of the celebrated Tilly, that terrible old hero, who had driven two kings out of the field — namely, Ferdinand of Bohemia, and Christian of Denmark. — And anent this water, which is none of the most sweet, I drink in the same to your speedy deliverance, comrade, not forgetting mine own, and devoutly wishing it were Rhenish wine, or humming Lubeck beer, at the least, were it but in honour of the pledge.

While Dalgetty ran on in this way, his teeth kept time with his tongue, and he speedily finished the provisions which the benevolence or indifference of his companion in misfortune had abandoned to his voracity. When this task was accomplished, he wrapped himself in his cloak, and seating himself in a corner of the dungeon in which he could obtain a support on each side, (for he had always been an admirer of elbow-chairs, he remarked, even from his youth upward,) he began to question his fellow-captive.

“Mine honest friend,” said he, “you and I being comrades at bed and board, should be better acquainted. I am Dugald Dalgetty of Drumthwacket, and so forth, Major in a regiment of loyal Irishes, and Envoy Extraordinary

of a High and Mighty Lord, James Earl of Montrose — Pray, what may your name be?"

"It will avail you little to know," replied his more taciturn companion.

"Let me judge of that matter," answered the soldier.

"Well, then — Ranald MacEagh is my name — that is, Ranald Son of the Mist."

"Son of the Mist!" ejaculated Dalgetty. "Son of utter darkness, say I. But Ranald, since that is your name, how came you in possession of the provost's court of guard? what the devil brought you here, that is to say?"

"My misfortunes and my crimes," answered Ranald. "Know ye the Knight of Ardenvoehr?"

"I do know that honourable person," replied Dalgetty.

"But know ye where he now is?" replied Ranald.

"Fasting this day at Ardenvoehr, that he may feast to-morrow at Inverara; in which last purpose if he chance to fail, my lease of human service will be something precarious."

"Then let him know one claims his intercession, who is his worst foe and his best friend," answered Ranald.

"Truly I shall desire to carry a less questionable message," answered Dalgetty. "Sir Duncan is not a person to play at reading riddles with."

“Craven Saxon,” said the prisoner, “tell him I am the raven that fifteen years since stoop’d on his tower of strength and the pledges he had left there — I am the wolf that found out his den on the rock, and destroyed his offspring — I am the leader of the band which surprised Ardenvoehr yesterday was fifteen years, and gave his four children to the sword.”

“Truly, my honest friend,” said Dalgetty, “if that is your best recommendation to Sir Duncan’s favour, I would pretermitt my pleading thereupon, in respect I have observed that even the animal creation are incensed against those who intromit with their offspring forcibly, much more any rational and christian creature. But I pray you in courtesy to tell me, whether you assailed the castle from the hillock called Drumsnab, whilk I uphold to be the true point of attack, unless it were to be protected by a sconce.”

“We ascended the cliff by ladders of ropes,” said the prisoner, “drawn up by an accomplice and clansman, who had served six months in the castle to enjoy that one night of unlimited vengeance. The owl whooped around us as we hung betwixt heaven and earth; the tide roared against the foot of the rock, and dashed asunder our skiff, yet no man’s heart failed him. In

the morning there was blood and ashes, where there had been peace and joy at the sunset."

"It was a pretty camisade, I doubt not, Ranald MacEagh, a very sufficient onslaught, and worthily discharged. Nevertheless, I would have pressed the house from that little hillock called Drumsnab. But yours is a pretty irregular Scythian fashion of warfare, Ranald, much resembling that of Turks, Tartars, and other Asiatic people. But the reason, my friend, the cause of this war — the *teterrima causa*, as I may say? Deliver me that, Ranald."

"We had been pushed at by the M'Auleys, and other western tribes," said Ranald, "till our possessions became unsafe for us."

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"I bethink me that I have," said Dalgetty, "and that not of an old date. It was a merry jest that, of cramming the bread into the dead man's mouth, but somewhat too wild and salvage, besides wasting the good victuals. I have seen when at a siege or a leaguer, Ranald, a living soldier would have been the better, Ra-

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"You may attain your end more easily," said

THE 1st of Jan 1811
W. O. 2

My dear Sir
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 21st inst. in relation to the purchase of a quantity of the same for the use of the Hospital. I am very glad to hear that you are so successful in your efforts to procure the same. I have no objection to your purchasing the same at the lowest price you can obtain. I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Yours, &c.
Wm. A. Smith

Wm. A. Smith
Surgeon General
U. S. Army

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in a hole in my coat.
I was in a hole in my coat.
I was in a hole in my coat.
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Vol. XVI

Legend of Montrose P.

SVICLAU

THEY ARE FOR THE PEOPLE

1883

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"You may attain your end more easily," said

a third voice, mingling in the conference, "by entrusting it to me."

All Highlanders are superstitious. "The Enemy of Mankind is among us!" said Ranald MacEagh, springing to his feet. His chains clattered as he rose, while he drew himself as far as they permitted from the quarter whence the voice appeared to proceed. His fear in some degree communicated itself to Captain Dalgetty, who began to repeat, in a sort of polyglott gibberish, all the exorcisms he had ever heard of, without being able to remember more than a word or two of each.

"*In nomine domini*, as we said at Mareschal College — *santissima madre di dios*, as the Spaniard has it — *alle guten Geister loben den Herrn*, saith the blessed Psalmist, in Doctor Luther's translation" —

"A truce with your exorcisms," said the voice they had heard before; "though I come strangely among you, I am mortal like yourselves, and my assistance may avail you in your present streight, if you are not too proud to be counselled."

While the stranger thus spoke, he withdrew the shade of a dark lantern, by whose feeble light Dalgetty could only discern that the speaker who had thus mysteriously united himself to their company, and mixed in their conversation,

was a tall man, dressed in a livery cloak of the Marquis. His first glance was to his feet, but he saw neither the cloven foot which Scottish legends assign to the foul fiend, nor the horse's hoof by which he is distinguished in Germany. His first enquiry was, how the stranger had come among them?

“For,” said he, “the creak of these rusty bars would have been heard had the door been made patent; and if you passed through the key-hole, truly, sir, put what face you will on it, you are not fit to be enrolled in a regiment of living men.”

“I reserve my secret,” answered the stranger, “until you shall merit the discovery by communicating to me some of yours. It may be that I shall be moved to let you out where I myself came in.”

“It cannot be through the key-hole then,” said Captain Dalgetty, “for my corslet would stick in the passage were it possible that my head-piece could get through. As for secrets, I have none of my own, and but few appertaining to others. But impart to us what secrets you desire to know; or, as Professor Snuffle-greek used to say at the Mareschal College, Aberdeen, speak that I may know thee.”

“It is not with you I have first to do,” replied the stranger, turning his light full on the

wild and wasted features, and the large limbs of the highlander, Ranald MacEagh, who, close drawn up against the walls of the dungeon, seemed yet uncertain whether his guest was a living being.

„I have brought you something, my friend,” said the stranger, in a more soothing tone, „to mend your fare; if you are to die to-morrow, it is no reason wherefore you should not live to-night.”

„None at all — no reason in the creation,” replied the ready Captain Dalgetty, who forthwith began to unpack the contents of a small basket which the stranger had brought under his cloak, while the highlander, either in suspicion or disdain, paid no attention to the good cheer.

„Here’s to thee, my friend,” said the Captain, who having already dispatched a huge piece of roasted kid, was now taking a pull at the wine-flask. „What is thy name, my good friend?”

„Murdoch Campbell, sir,” answered the servant, „a lackey of the Marquis of Argyle, and occasionally acting as under-warden.”

„Then here is to thee once more, Murdoch,” said Dalgetty, „drinking to you by your proper name for the better luck sake. This wine I take to be Calcavella. Well, honest Murdoch,

I take it on me to say, thou deservest to be upper-warden, since thou showest thyself twenty times better acquainted with the way of victualing honest gentlemen that are under misfortune, than thy principal. Bread and water? out upon him! It was enough, Murdoch, to destroy the credit of the Marquis's dungeon. But I see you would converse with my friend, Ranauld M'Eagh here. Never mind my presence; I'll get me into this corner here, with the basket, and I will warrant my jaws make noise enough to prevent my ears from hearing you."

Notwithstanding this promise, however, the veteran listened with all the attention he could to hearken to this discourse, or, as he described it himself, "laid his ears back in his neck, like Gustavus when he heard the key turn in the girnel-kist." He could, therefore, owing to the narrowness of the dungeon, easily overhear the following dialogue.

"Are you aware, Son of the Mist," said the Campbell, "that you will never leave this place excepting for the gibbet?"

"Those who are dearest to me," answered MacEagh, "have trod that path before me."

"Then you would do nothing," asked the visitor, "to shun following them?"

"The prisoner writhed himself in his chains before returning an answer."

"I would do much," at length he said; "not for my own life, but for the sake of the pledge in the glen of Strath-Aven."

"And what would you do to turn away the bitterness of the hour?" again demanded Murdoch: "I care not for what cause ye mean to shun it."

"I would do what a man might do, and still call himself a man."

"Do you call yourself a man," said the interrogator, "who have done the deeds of a wolf?"

"I do," answered the outlaw; "I am a man like my forefathers — while wrapt in the mantle of peace, we were lambs — it was rent from us, and ye now call us wolves. Give us the huts ye have burned, our children whom ye have murdered, our widows whom ye have starved — collect from the gibbet and the pole the mangled carcases, and whitened skulls of our kinsmen — bid them live and bless us, and we will be your vassals and brothers — till then, let death, and blood, and mutual wrong, draw a dark veil of division between us."

"You will then do nothing for your liberty," said the Campbell.

"Any thing — but call myself the friend of your tribe," answered MacEagh.

"We scorn the friendship of banditti and Caterans," retorted Murdoch, "and would not

stoop to accept it. — What I demand to know from you, in exchange for your liberty is, where the daughter and heiress of the Knight of Arden-vohr is now to be found."

"That you may wed her to some beggarly kinsman of your great master," said Ranald, "after the fashion of the Children of Diarmid! Does not the valley of Glenorquhy, to this very hour, cry shame on the violence offered to a helpless infant whom her kinsmen were conveying to the court of the Sovereign? Were not her escort compelled to hide her beneath a cauldron, round which they fought till not one remained to tell the tale? — and was not the girl brought to this fatal castle, and afterwards wedded to the brother of M'Callum More, and all for the sake of her broad lands?"

"And if the tale be true," said Murdoch, "she had a preferment beyond what the King of Scots would have conferred on her. But this is far from the purpose. The daughter of Sir Duncan of Ardenvohr is of our own blood, not a stranger; and who has so good a right to know her fate as M'Callum More, the chief of her clan?"

"It is on his part, then, that you demand it?" said the outlaw. The servant of the Marquis assented.

"And you will practise no evil against the

maiden? — I have done her wrong enough already.”

“No evil, upon the word of a Christian man,” replied Murdoch.

“And my guerdon is to be life and liberty?”

“Such is our paction,” said the Campbell.

“Then know, that the child whom I saved out of compassion at the spoiling of her father’s tower of strength, was bred as an adopted daughter of our tribe, until we were worsted at the pass of Ballenduthil, by the fiend incarnate and mortal enemy of our tribe, Allan M’Aulay of the Bloody hand, and by the horsemen of Lennox, under the heir of Menteith.”

“Fell she into the power of Allan of the Bloody hand,” said Murdoch, “and she a reputed daughter of thy tribe? then her blood has gilded the dirk, and thou hast said nothing to rescue thine own forfeited life.”

“If my life rest on her’s,” answered the outlaw, “it is secure, for she still survives; but it has a more insecure reliance — the frail promise of a son of Diarmid.”

“That promise shall not fail you,” said the Campbell, “if you can assure me that she survives, and where she is to be found.”

“In the castle of Darnlinvarach,” said Ranald MacEagh, “under the name of Annot Lyle. I have often heard of her from my kinsmen, who

have again approached their native woods, and it is not long since mine old eyes beheld her."

"You!" said Murdoch, in astonishment, "you, a chief among the children of the Mist, and ventured so near your mortal foe!"

"Son of Diarmid, I did more," replied the outlaw; "I was in the hall of the castle, disguised as a harper, from the wild shores of Skianach. My purpose was to have plunged my dirk in the body of the M' Aulay with the Bloody hand, before whom our race trembles, and to have taken thereafter what fate God should send me. But I saw Annot Lyle, even when my hand was on the hilt of my dagger. She touched her clairshach to a song of the Children of the Mist, which she had learned when her dwelling was amongst us. The woods in which we had dwelt pleasantly, rustled their green leaves in the song, and our streams were there with the sound of all their waters. My hand forsook the dagger; the fountains of mine eyes were opened, and the hour of revenge passed away. — And now, son of Diarmid, have I not paid the ransom of my head?"

"Ay," replied Murdoch, "if your tale be true; but what proof can you assign for it?"

"Bear witness heaven and earth," exclaimed the outlaw, "he already looks how he may step over his word!"

“Not so,” replied Murdoch; “every promise shall be kept to you when I am assured you have told me the truth. But I must speak a few words with your companion in captivity.”

“Fair and false — ever fair and false,” muttered the prisoner, as he threw himself once more on the floor of his dungeon.

Meanwhile, Captain Dalgetty, who had attended to every word of this dialogue, was making his own remarks on it in private. What the *henker* can this sly fellow have to say to me? I have no child, either of my own, so far as I know, or of any other person, to tell him a tale about. But let him come on — he will have some manœuvring ere he turn the flank of the old soldier.”

Accordingly, as if he had stood pike in hand to defend a breach, he waited with caution, but without fear, the commencement of the attack. “You are a citizen of the world, Captain Dalgetty,” said Murdoch Campbell, “and cannot be ignorant of our old Scotch proverb *gif-gaf*, which goes through all nations and all services.”

“Then I should know something of it,” said Dalgetty, “for, except the Turks, there are few powers in Europe whom I have not served; and I have sometimes thought of taking a turn ei-

ther with Bethlem Gabor, or with the Janizaries."

"A man of your experience and unprejudiced ideas, then, will understand me at once," said Murdoch, "when I say, I mean that your freedom shall depend on your true and upright answer to a few trifling questions respecting the gentlemen you have left; their state of preparation; the number of their men, and nature of their appointments; and as much as you chance to know about their plan of operations."

"Just to satisfy your curiosity," said Dalgetty, "and without any farther purpose?"

"None in the world," replied Murdoch; "what interest should a poor devil like me take in their operations?"

"Make your interrogations then," said the Captain, "and I will answer them *peremptorie*."

"How many Irish may be on their march to join James Grahame the malignant?"

"Probably ten thousand," said Captain Dalgetty.

"Ten thousand!" replied Murdoch angrily; "we know that scarce two thousand landed at Ardnamurchan."

"Then you know more about them than I do," answered Captain Dalgetty, with great composure. "I never saw them mustered yet, or even under arms."

“And how many men of the clans may be expected?” demanded Murdoch.

“As many as they can make,” replied the Captain.

“You are answering from the purpose, sir,” said Murdoch; “speak plainly, will there be five thousand men?”

“There and thereabouts,” answered Dalgetty,

“You are playing with your life, sir, if you trifle with me,” replied the catechist; “one whistle of mine, and in less than ten minutes your head hangs on the drawbridge.”

“But to speak candidly, Mr Murdoch,” replied the Captain, “do you think it is a reasonable thing to ask me after the secrets of our army, and I engaged to serve for the whole campaign? If I taught you how to defeat Montrose, what becomes of my pay, arrears, and chance of booty?”

“I tell you,” said Campbell, “that if you be stubborn, your campaign shall begin and end in a march to the block at the castle-gate, which stands ready for such land-laufers; but if you answer my questions faithfully, I will receive you into my — into the service of M‘Callum More.”

“Does the service afford good pay?” said Captain Dalgetty.

“He will double yours, if you will return to Montrose and act under his direction.”

“I wish I had seen you, sir, before taking on with him,” said Dalgetty, appearing to meditate.

“On the contrary, I can afford you more advantageous terms now,” said the Campbell; “always supposing that you are faithful.”

“Faithful, that is, to you, and a traitor to Montrose,” answered the Captain.

“Faithful to the cause of religion and good order,” answered Murdoch, “which sanctifies any deception you may employ to serve it.”

“And the Marquis of Argyle, — should I incline to enter his service, is he a kind master?” demanded Dalgetty.

“Never man kinder,” quoth Campbell.

“And bountiful to his officers?” pursued the Captain.

“The most open hand in Scotland,” replied Murdoch.

“True and faithful to his engagements?” continued Dalgetty.

“As honourable a nobleman as breathes,” said the clansman.

“I never heard so much good of him before,” said Dalgetty; “you must know the Marquis well, or rather you must be the Marquis himself. Lord of Argyle,” he added, throwing

himself suddenly on the disguised nobleman, "I arrest you in the name of King Charles as a traitor. If you venture to call for assistance, I will wrench round your neck."

The attack which Dalgetty made upon Argyle's person was so sudden and unexpected, that he easily prostrated him on the floor of the dungeon, and held him down with one hand, while his right, grasping the Marquis's throat, was ready to strangle him on the slightest attempt to call for assistance.

"Lord of Argyle," he said, "it is now my turn to lay down the terms of capitulation. If you list to shew me the private way by which you entered the dungeon, you shall escape, on condition of being my *locum tenens*, as we said at the Mareschal College, until your warder visits his prisoners. But if not, I will first strangle you — I learned the art from a Polish heyduck, who had been a slave in the Ottoman seraglio — and then seek out a mode of retreat."

"Villain! you would not murder me for my kindness," murmured Argyle.

"Not for your kindness, my lord," replied Dalgetty; "but first, to teach your lordship the *jus gentium* towards cavaliers who come to you under safe conduct; and secondly, to warn you of the danger of proposing dishonourable terms

to any worthy soldado, in order to tempt him to become false to his standard during the term of his service."

"Spare my life," said Argyle, "and I will do as you require."

Dalgetty maintained his gripe upon the Marquis's throat, compressing it a little while he asked questions, and relaxing it so far as to give him the power of answering them.

"Where is the secret door into the dungeon?" he demanded.

"Hold up the lantern to the corner on your right hand, yon will discern the iron which covers the spring," replied the Marquis.

"So far so good. — Where does the passage lead to?"

"To my private apartment behind the tapestry," answered the prostrate nobleman.

"From thence how shall I reach the gateway?"

"Through the grand gallery, the anteroom, the lackeys' waiting-hall, the grand guard-room —"

"All crowded with soldiers, factionaries, and attendants? — that will never do for me, my lord; — have you no secret passage to the gate, as you have to your dungeons? I have seen such in Germany."

“There is a passage through the chapel,” said the Marquis, “opening from my apartment.”

“And what is the pass-word at the gate?”

“The sword of Levi,” replied the Marquis; “but if you will receive my pledge of honour, I will go with you, escort you through every guard, and set you at full liberty with a passport.”

“I might trust you, my lord, were your throat not already black with the grasp of my fingers; — as it is, *beso los manos a usted*, as the Spaniard says. Yet you may grant me a passport; — are there writing materials in your apartment?”

“Surely; and blank passports ready to be signed. I will attend you there,” said the Marquis, “instantly.”

“It were too much honour for the like of me,” said Dalgetty; “your lordship shall remain under charge of mine honest friend Ranald MacEagh; therefore, prithee let me drag you within reach of his chain. — Honest Ranald, you see how matters stand with us. I shall find the means, I doubt not, of setting you at freedom. Mean time do as you see me do; clap your hand thus on the weasand of this high and mighty prince, under his ruff, and if he offer to struggle or cry out, fail not, my worthy Ranald, to squeeze doughtily; and if it be *ad de-*

liquium, Ranald, that is, till he swoon, there is no great matter, seeing he designed your gullet and mine to still harder usage."

"If he offer at speech or struggle," said Ranald, "he dies by my hand."

"That is right, Ranald — very spirited — a thorough-going friend that understands a hint is worth a million."

Thus resigning the charge of the Marquis to his new confederate, Dalgetty pressed the spring, by which the secret door flew open, though so well were its hinges polished and oiled, that it made not the slightest noise in revolving. The opposite side of the door was secured by very strong bolts and bars, beside which hung one or two keys, designed apparently to undo fetterlocks. A narrow stair-case, ascending up through the thickness of the castle-wall, landed, as the Marquis had truly informed him, behind the tapestry of his private apartment. Such communications were frequent in old feudal castles, as they gave the lord of the fortress, like a second Dionysius, the means of hearing the conversation of his prisoners, or, if he pleased, of visiting them in disguise, an experiment which had terminated so unpleasantly on the present occasion for Gillespie Grumach. Having examined previously whether there was any one in the apartment, and finding the coast clear, the

Captain entered, and hastily possessing himself of a blank passport, several of which lay on the table, and of writing materials, securing, at the same time, the Marquis's dagger, and a silk cord from the hangings, he again descended into the cavern, where, listening a moment at the door, he could hear the half-stifled voice of the Marquis making great proffers to MacEagh, on condition he would suffer him to give an alarm.

“Not for a forest of deer — not for a thousand head of cattle,” answered the free-booter; “not for all the lands that ever called a son of Diarmid master, will I break the troth I have plighted to him of the iron-garment.”

“He of the iron-garment,” said Dalgetty, entering, “is bounden unto you, MacEagh, and this noble lord shall be bounden also; but first he must fill up this passport with the names of Major Dugald Dalgetty and his guide, or he is like to have a passport into another world.”

The Marquis subscribed, and wrote, by the light of the dark-lantern, as the soldier prescribed to him.

“And now, Ranald,” said Dalgetty, “strip thy upper garment — thy plaid I mean, Ranald, and in it will I muffle the M'Callum More, and make of him, for the time, a Child of the Mist; — Nay, I must bring it over your

head, my lord, so as to secure us against your mistimed clamour. — So, now he is sufficiently muffled; — hold down your hands, or, by heaven, I will stab you to the heart with your own dagger; — nay, you shall be bound with nothing less than silk, as your quality deserves. — So now he is secure till some one comes to relieve him. If he ordered us a late dinner, Ranald, he is like to be the sufferer; — at what hour, my good Ranald, did the jailor usually appear.”

“Never till the sun was beneath the western wave,” said M‘Eagh.

“Then, my friend, we shall have three hours good,” said the cautious Captain. “In the mean time, let us labour for your liberation.”

To examine Ranald’s chain was the next occupation. It was undone by means of one of the keys which hung behind the private door, probably deposited there, that the Marquis might, if he pleased, dismiss a prisoner, or remove him elsewhere without the necessity of summoning the warden. The outlaw stretched his benumbed arms, and bounded from the floor of the dungeon in all the extasy of recovered freedom.

“Take the livery-coat of that noble prisoner,” said Captain Dalgetty; “put it on, and follow close at my heels.”

The outlaw obeyed. They ascended the private stair, having first secured the door behind them, and thus safely reached the apartment of the Marquis.


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CHAPTER XIV.

*This was the entry then, these stairs — but  
whither after?*

*Yet he that's sure to perish on the land  
May quit the nicety of card and compass,  
And trust the open sea without a pilot.*

*Tragedy of Brennovalt.*

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„Look out for the private way through the chapel, Ranald,” said the Captain, „while I give a hasty regard to these matters.”

Thus speaking, he seized with one hand a bundle of Argyle's most private papers, and with the other a purse of gold, both of which lay in a drawer of a rich cabinet which stood invitingly open. Neither did he neglect to possess himself of a sword and pistols, with powder-flask and balls, which hung in the apartment. „Intelligence and booty,” said the ve-



teran, as he pouched the spoils, "each honourable cavalier should look to the one his general's behalf, and the other on his own. This sword is an Andrew Ferrara, and the pistols better than mine own. But a fair exchange is no robbery. Soldados are not to be endangered, and endangered gratuitously, my Lord of Argyle. — But soft, soft, Ranald; wise Man of the Mist, whither art thou bound?"

It was indeed full time to stop MacEagh's proceedings; for, not finding the private passage readily, and impatient, it would seem, of farther delay, he had caught down a sword and target, and was about to enter the great gallery, with the purpose, doubtless, of fighting his way through all opposition.

"Hold, while you live," whispered Dalgetty, laying hold on him. "We must not be perdue if possible. So bar we this door, that it may be thought M'Callum More would be private — and now let me make a reconnoissance for the private passage."

By looking behind the tapestry in various places, the Captain at length discovered a private door, and behind that a winding passage, terminated by another door, which doubtless entered the chapel. But what was his disagreeable surprise to hear, on the other side of this se-



cond door, the sonorous voice of a divine in the act of preaching.

“This made the villain,” he said, “recommend this to us as a private passage. I am strongly tempted to return and cut his throat.”

He then opened very gently the door, which led into a latticed gallery used by the Marquis himself, the curtains of which were drawn, perhaps with the purpose of having it supposed that he was engaged in attendance upon divine worship, when, in fact, he was absent upon his secular affairs. There was no other person in the seat, for the family of the Marquis, such was the high state maintained in those days, sate during service in another gallery, placed somewhat lower than that of the great man himself. This being the case, Captain Dalgetty ventured to ensconce himself in the gallery, of which he carefully secured the door.

Never (although the expression be a bold one) was a sermon listened to with more impatience, and less edification, on the part of one, at least, of the audience. The Captain heard *sixteenthly* — *seventeenthly* — *eighteenthly*, and *to conclude*, with a sort of feeling like protracted despair. But no man can lecture (for the service was called a lecture,) for ever, and the discourse was at length closed, the clergyman not failing to make a profound bow towards the



latticed gallery, little suspecting whom he honoured by that reverence. To judge from the haste with which they dispersed, the domestics of the Marquis were scarce more pleased with their late occupation than the anxious Captain Dalgetty; indeed, many of them being Highlandmen, had the excuse of not understanding a single word which the clergyman spoke, although they gave their attendance on his doctrine by the special order of M<sup>r</sup> Callum More, and would have done so had he been a Turkish Imaum.

But although the congregation dispersed thus rapidly, the divine remained behind in the chapel, and, walking up and down its Gothic precincts, seemed either to be meditating on what he had just been delivering, or preparing a fresh discourse for the next opportunity. Bold as he was, Dalgetty hesitated what he ought to do. Time, however, pressed, and every moment increased the chance of their escape being discovered by the jailor visiting the dungeon perhaps before his wonted time, and discovering the exchange which had been made there. At length, whispering Ranald, who watched all his motions, to follow him and preserve his countenance, Captain Dalgetty, with a very composed air, descended a flight of steps which from the gallery into the body of the cha-



pel. A less experienced adventurer would have endeavoured to pass the worthy clergyman rapidly, in hopes to escape unnoticed. But the Captain, who foresaw the manifest danger of failing in such an attempt, walked gravely to meet the divine upon his walk in the midst of the chancel, and, pulling off his cap, was about to pass him after a formal reverence. But what was his surprise to view in the preacher the very same person with whom he had dined in the castle of Ardenvoehr. Yet he speedily recovered his composure; and ere the clergyman could speak, was the first to address him. "I could not," he said, "leave this mansion without bequeathing to you, my very reverend sir, my humble thanks for the homily with which you have this evening favoured us."

"I did not observe, sir," said the clergyman, "that you were in the chapel."

"It pleased the honourable Marquis," said Dalgetty, modestly, "to grace me with a seat in his own gallery." The divine bowed low at this intimation, knowing that such an honour was only vouchsafed to persons of very high rank. "It has been my fate, sir," said the Captain, "in the sort of wandering life which I have led, to have heard different preachers of different religions — as for example, Lutheran, Evangelical, Reformed, Calvinistical, and so forth,



but never have I listened to such a homily as yours."

"Call it a lecture, worthy sir," said the divine, "such is the phrase of our church."

"Lecture, or homily," said Dalgetty, "it was, as the High-Germans say, *ganz vortrefflich*; and I could not leave this place without testifying unto you what inward emotions I have undergone during your edifying prelection; and how I am touched to the quick, that I should yesterday, during the refecton, have seemed to infringe on the respect due to such a person as yourself."

"Alas! my worthy sir," said the clergyman, "we meet in this world as in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, not knowing against whom we may chance to encounter. In truth it is no matter of marvel, if we sometimes jostle those, to whom, if known, we would yield all respect. Surely, sir, I would rather have taken you for a profane malignant than for such a devout person as you prove, who reverences the great Master even in the meanest of his servants."

"It is always my custom to do so, learned sir," answered Dalgetty; "for in the service of the immortal Gustavus — but I detain you from your meditations" — his desire to speak of the King of Sweden being for once overpowered by the necessity of his circumstances.



“By no means, my worthy sir,” said the clergyman. “What was, I pray you, the order of that great Prince, whose memory is so dear to every Protestant bosom?”

“Sir, the drums beat to prayers morning and evening, as regularly as for parade; and if a soldier passed without saluting the chaplain, he had an hour’s ride on the wooden mare for his pains. Sir, I wish you a very good evening — I am obliged to depart the castle under M’ Callum More’s passport.

“Stay one instant, sir,” said the preacher; “is there nothing I can do to testify my respect for the pupil of the great Gustavus, and so admirable a judge of preaching?”

“Nothing, sir,” said the Captain, “but to shew me the nearest way to the gate — and if you would have the kindness,” he added with great effrontery, “to let a servant bring my horse with him, the dark grey gelding — call him Gustavus, and he will prick up his ears — for I know not where the castle stables are situated, and my guide,” he added, looking at Rannald, “speaks no English.”

“I hasten to accommodate you,” said the clergyman; “your way lies through that cloistered passage.”

“Now heaven’s blessing upon your vanity!” said the Captain to himself. “I was afraid I



would have had to march off without Gustavus."

In fact, so effectually did the chaplain exert himself in behalf of so excellent a judge of composition, that while Dalgetty was parlying with the centinels at the drawbridge, shewing his passport, and giving the watch-word, a servant brought him his horse, ready saddled for the journey. In any other place, the Captain suddenly appearing at large after having been publicly sent to prison, might have excited suspicion and enquiry; but the officers and domestics of the Marquis were accustomed to the mysterious policy of their master, and never supposed aught else than that he had been liberated and entrusted with some private commission by their master. In this belief, and having received the parole, they gave him free passage.

Dalgetty rode slowly through the town of Inverara, the outlaw attending upon him like a foot-page at his horse's shoulder. As they passed the gibbet, the old man looked on the bodies and wrung his hands. The look and gesture were momentary, but expressive of indescribable anguish. Instantly recovering himself, Ranald, in passing, whispered somewhat to one of the females, who, like Rizpah the daughter of Aizah, seemed engaged in watching and mourning the victims of feudal justice and cruelty.



The woman started at his voice, but immediately collected herself, and returned for answer a slight inclination of the head.

Dalgetty continued his way of the town, uncertain whether he should try to seize or hire a boat and cross the the lake, or plunge into the woods and there conceal himself from pursuit. In the former event he was liable to be instantly pursued by the gallies of the Marquis, which lay ready for sailing, their long yard-arms pointing to the wind, and what hope could he have in an ordinary Highland fishing-boat to escape from them? If he made the latter choice, his chance either of supporting or concealing himself in those waste and unknown wildernesses was in the highest degree precarious. The town lay now behind him, yet what hand to turn to for safety he was unable to determine, and began to be sensible, that in escaping from the dungeon at Inverara, he had only accomplished the easiest part of a difficult task. If retaken, his fate was now certain; for the personal injury he had offered to a man so powerful and so vindictive, could be atoned for only by instant death. While he pondered these distressing reflections, and looked around with a countenance which plainly expressed indecision, Ranald MacEagh suddenly asked him "which way he intended to journey?"



“And that, honest comrade,” answered Dalgetty, “is preceesely the question which I cannot answer you — truly I begin to hold the opinion, Ranald, that we had better have stuck by the brown loaf and waterpitcher until Sir Duncan arrived, who, for his own honour, must have made some fight for me.”

“Saxon,” answered MacEagh, “do not you regret having exchanged the foul breath of yonder dungeon for the free air of heaven. Above all, repent not that you have served a Son of the Mist. Put yourself under my guidance, and I will warrant your safety with my head.”

“Can you guide me safe through these mountains, and back to the army of Montrose?” said Dalgetty.

“I can,” answered MacEagh; “there lives not a man to whom the mountain passes, the caverns, the glens, the thickets and the corries are known, as they are to the Children of the Mist. While others crawl on the level ground, by the sides of lakes and streams, ours are the steep hollows of the inaccessible mountains, the birth-place of the desert springs. Not all the blood-hounds of Argyle can trace the fastnesses through which I can guide you.”

“Say’st thou so, honest Ranald?” replied Dalgetty; “then have on with thee, for of a surety I shall never save the ship by my own pilotage.”



The outlaw accordingly led the way into the wood by which the castle is surrounded for several miles, walking with so much dispatch as kept Gustavus at a round trot, and taking such a number of cross cuts and turns, that Captain Dalgetty speedily lost all idea where he might be, and all knowledge of the points of the compass. At length, the path, which had gradually become more difficult, altogether ended among thickets and underwood. The roaring of a torrent was heard in the neighbourhood, the ground became in some places broken, in others boggy, and every-where unfit for riding.

“What the foul fiend,” said Dalgetty, “is to be done here? I must part with Gustavus, I fear.”

“Take no care for your horse,” said the outlaw; “he shall soon be restored to you.”

As he spoke, he whistled in a low tone, and a lad, half dressed in tartan, half naked, having only his own shaggy hair, tied with a thong of leather, to protect his head and face from sun and weather, lean, and half-starved in aspect, his wild grey eyes appearing to fill up ten times the proportion usually allotted to them in the human face, crept out as a wild beast might have done from a thicket of brambles and briars.

“Give your horse to the gillie,” said Ranald MacEagh; “your life depends upon it.”



„Och! och!“ said the despairing veteran, „Eheu! as we used to say at Mareschal College, must I leave Gustavus in such grooming?“

„Are you frantic, to lose time thus?“ said his guide; „do we stand on friend's ground, that you should part with your horse as if he were your brother? I tell you, you shall have him again; but if you never saw the animal, is not life better than the best colt ever mare foaled?“

„And that is true too, mine honest friend,“ sighed Dalgetty; „yet if you knew but the value of Gustavus, and the things we two have done and suffered together — See, he turns back to look at me! — be kind to him, my good breechless friend, and I will requite you well.“ So saying, and withal sniffing a little to swallow his grief, he turned from the heart-rending spectacle in order to follow his guide.

To follow his guide was no easy matter, and soon required more agility than Captain Dalgetty could master. The very first plunge after he had parted from his charger, carried him, with little assistance from a few overhanging boughs, or projecting roots of trees, eight foot sheer down into the course of a torrent, up which the Son of the Mist led the way. Huge stones, over which they scrambled, thickets of thorn and brambles, through which they had to drag



themselves, rocks which were to be climbed on the one side with much labour and pain, for the purpose of an equally precarious descent upon the other; all these, and many such interruptions, were surmounted by the light-footed and half-naked mountaineer with an ease and velocity which excited the surprise and envy of Captain Dalgetty, who, encumbered by his head-piece, corslet, and other armour, not to mention his ponderous jackboots, found himself at length so much exhausted by fatigue, and the difficulties of the road, that he sat down upon a stone in order to recover his breath, while he explained to Ranald MacEagh the difference betwixt travelling *expeditus* and *impeditus*, as these two military phrases were understood at Mareschal College, Aberdeen. The sole answer of the mountaineer was to lay his hand on the soldier's arm, and point backward in the direction of the wind. Dalgetty could spy nothing, for evening was closing fast, and they were at the bottom of a dark ravine. But he could distinctly hear at a distance the sullen toll of a large bell.

«That,” said he, «must be the alarm — the storm-clock, as the Germans call it.”

«It strikes the hour of your death,” answered Ranald, «unless you can accompany me a little



farther. For every toll of that bell, a brave man has yielded up his soul."

"Truly, Ranald, my trusty friend," said Dalgetty, "I will not deny that the case may be soon mine own; for I am so forfouchen, (being, as I explained to you, *impeditus*, for had I been *expeditus*, I mind not pedestrian exercise the flourish of a fife), that I think I had better ensconce myself in one of these bushes, and even lie quiet there to abide what fortune God shall send me. I entreat you, Ranald, to shift for yourself, and leave me to my fortune, as the Lion of the North, the immortal Gustavus Adolphus, my never-to-be-forgotten master, (whom you must surely have heard of, Ranald, though you may have heard of no one else), said to Francis Albert, Duke of Saxe-Lauenburgh, when he was mortally wounded on the plains of Lutzen. Neither despair altogether of my safety, Ranald, seeing I have been in as great pinches as this in Germany — more especially, I remember me, that at the fatal battle of Nerlingen — after whick I changed service" —

"If you would save your father's son's breath to help his child out of trouble, instead of wasting it upon the tales of Seannachies," said Ranald, who now turned impatient of the Captain's loquacity, "or if your feet could travel



as fast as your tongue, you might yet lay your head on an unbloody pillow to - night."

"Something there is like military skill in that," replied the Captain, "although wantonly and irreverently spoken to an officer of rank. But I hold it good to pardon such freedoms on a march, in respect of the Saturnalian licence indulged in such cases to the troops of all nations. And now, resume thine office, friend Ranald, in respect I am well-breathed; or, to be more plain, *I prae, sequar*, as we used to say at Mareschal College."

Comprehending his meaning rather from his motions than his language, the Son of the Mist again led the way, with an unerring precision that looked like instinct, through a variety of ground the most difficult and broken that could well be imagined. Dragging along his ponderous boots, encumbered with thigh-pieces, gauntlets, corslet, and back-piece, not to mention the buff jerkin which he wore under all these arms, talking of his former exploits the whole way, though Ranald paid not the slightest attention to him, Captain Dalgetty contrived to follow his guide a considerable way farther, when the deep-mouthed baying of a hound was heard coming down the wind, as if opening on the scent of its prey.

"Black hound," said Ranald, whose throat



never boded good to a Child of the Mist, ill fortune to her who littered thee! hast thou already found our trace? But thou art too late, swart hound of darkness, and the deer has gained the herd."

So saying, he whistled very softly, and was answered in a tone equally low from the top of a pass, up which they had for some time been ascending. Mending their pace, they reached the top, where the moon, which had now risen bright and clear, shewed to Dalgetty a party of ten or twelve Highlanders, and about as many women and children, by whom Ranald MacEagh was received with such transports of joy, as made his companion easily sensible that those by whom he was surrounded must of course be Children of the Mist. The place which they occupied well suited their name and habits. It was a beetling crag, round which winded a very narrow and broken foot-path, commanded in various places by the position which they held.

Ranald spoke anxiously and hastily to the children of his tribe, and the men came one by one to shake hands with Dalgetty, while the women, clamorous in their gratitude, pressed round to kiss even the hem of his garment. "They plight their faith to you," said Ranald



MacEagh, "for requital of the good deed you have done to the tribe this day."

"Enough said, Ranald," answered the soldier, "enough said — tell them I love not this shaking of hands — it confuses ranks and degrees in military service; and as to kissing of gauntlets, puldrons, and the like, I remember that the immortal Gustavus, as he rode through the streets of Nuremberg being thus worshipped by the populace, (being doubtless far more worthy of it than a poor though honourable cavalier like myself,) did say unto them, in the way of rebuke, 'If you idolize me thus like a god, who shall insure you that the vengeance of Heaven will not soon prove me to be a mortal?' — And so here, I suppose you intend to make a stand against your followers, Ranald — *voto a Dios*, as the Spaniard says — a very pretty position — as pretty a position for a small peloton of men as I have seen in my service — no enemy can come towards it by the road without being at the mercy of cannon and musket. — But then, Ranald, my trusty comrade, you have no cannon, I dare to aver, and I do not see that any of these fellows have muskets either. So with what artillery you propose making good the pass, before you come to hard blows, truly, Ranald, it passeth my apprehension."



“With the weapons and with the courage of our fathers,” said MacEagh, and made the Captain observe, that the men of his party were armed with bows and arrows.

“Bows and arrows!” exclaimed Dalgetty; „ha! ha! ha! have we Robin Hood and Little John back again? — Bows and arrows! why, the sight has not been seen in civilized war for an hundred years. Bows and arrows! and why not with weavers - beams, as in the days of Goliah? That Dugald Dalgetty, of Drumthwacket, should live to see men fight with bows and arrows! — The immortal Gustavus would never have believed it — nor Wallenstein — nor Butler — nor old Tilly. — Well, Ranald, a cat can have but its claws — since bows and arrows are the word, e’en let us make the best of it. — Only, as I do not understand the scope and range of such old-fashioned artillery, you must make the best disposition you can out of your own head; for my taking the command, whilk I would have gladly done had you been to fight with any christian weapons, is out of the question when you are to combat like quivered Numidians. I will, however, play my part with my pistols in the approaching mellay, in respect my carabine unhappily remains at Gustavus’s saddle. — My service and thanks to you,” he continued, addressing a mountaineer who



offered him a bow; «Dugald Dalgetty may say of himself, as he learned at Mareschal College,

*Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu,  
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis  
Fusce, pharetra;*

whilk is to say —— “

Ranald MacEagh a second time imposed silence on the talkative commander as before, by pulling his sleeve, and pointing down the pass. The bay of the blood-hound was now approaching nearer and nearer, and they could hear the voices of several persons who accompanied the animal, and hallooed to each other as they dispersed occasionally, either in the hurry of their advance, or in order to search more accurately the thickets as they came along. They were obviously drawing nearer and nearer every moment. MacEagh, in the mean time, proposed to Captain Dalgetty to disencumber himself of his armour, and gave him to understand that the women should transport it to a place of safety.

“I crave your pardon, sir,” said Dalgetty, “such is not the rule of our foreign service; in respect I remember the regiment of Finland cuirassiers reprimanded, and their kettle-drums



taken from them by the immortal Gustavus, because they had assumed the permission to march without their corslets, and to leave them with the baggage. Neither did they strike kettle drums again at the head of that famous regiment until they behaved themselves so notably at the field of Leipsic; a lesson which is not to be forgotten, any more than that exclamation of the immortal Gustavus, 'Now shall I know if my officers love me by their putting on their armour; since if my officers are slain, who shall lead my soldiers unto victory?' Nevertheless, friend Ranald, this is without prejudice to my being rid of these somewhat heavy boots, providing I can obtain any other succedaneum; for I presume not to say that my bare soles are fortified so as to endure the flints and thorns, as seems to be the case with your followers."

To rid the Captain of his cumbrous greaves, and case his feet in a pair of brogues made out of deer-skin, which a Highlander stripped off for his accommodation, was the work of a minute, and Dalgetty found himself much lightened by the exchange. He was in the act of recommending to Ranald MacEagh, to send two or three of his followers a little lower to reconnoitre the pass, and at the same time, somewhat to extend his front, placing two detached archers at each flank by way of posts of



observation, when the near cry of the hound apprized them that the pursuers were at the bottom of the pass. All was then dead silence, for, loquacious as he was on other occasions, Captain Dalgetty knew well the necessity of an ambush keeping itself under covert.

The moon gleamed on the broken pathway, and on the projecting cliffs of rock round which it winded, its light intercepted here and there by the branches of bushes and dwarf trees, which finding nourishment in the crevices of the rocks, in some places overshadowed the brow and ledge of the precipice. Below, a thick copse-wood lay in deep and dark shadow, somewhat resembling the billows of a half-seen ocean. From the bosom of that darkness, and close to the bottom of the precipice, the hound was heard at intervals baying fearfully, sounds which were redoubled by the echoes of the woods and rocks around. At intervals, these sunk into deep silence, interrupted only by the plashing noise of a small runnel of water which partly fell from the rock, partly found a more silent passage to the bottom along its projecting surface. Voices of men were also heard in stifled converse below; it seemed as if the pursuers had not discovered the narrow path which led to the top of the rock, or that, having discovered it, the peril of the ascent, joined to the imperfect light,



and the uncertainty whether it might not be defended, made them hesitate to attempt it.

At length a shadowy figure was seen, which raised itself up from the abyss of darkness below, and, emerging into the pale moonlight, began cautiously and slowly to ascend the rocky path. The outline was so distinctly marked, that Captain Dalgetty could discover not only the person of the Highlander, but the long gun which he carried in his hand, and the plume of feathers which decorated his bonnet. "*Tausend teiflen!* that I sould say so, and so like to be near my latter end," ejaculated the Captain, but under his breath, "what will become of us, now they have brought musquetry to encounter our archers?"

But just as the pursuer had attained a projecting piece of rock about half-way up the ascent, and, pausing, made a signal for those who were still at the bottom to follow him, an arrow whistled from the bow of one of the Children of the Mist, and transfixed him with so fatal a wound, that without a single effort to save himself, he lost his balance, and fell headlong from the cliff on which he stood into the darkness below. The crash of the boughs which received him, and the heavy sound of his fall from thence to the ground, was followed by a cry of horror and surprise, which burst from his



followers. The Children of the Mist, encouraged in proportion to the alarm this first success had caused among the pursuers, echoed back the clamour with a loud and shrill yell of exultation, and, shewing themselves on the brow of the precipice, with wild cries and vindictive gestures, endeavoured to impress on their enemies a sense at once of their courage, their numbers, and their state of defence. Even Captain Dalgetty's military prudence did not prevent his rising up and calling out to Ranald more loud than prudence warranted, „*Carocco*, comrade, as the Spaniard says! The long bow for ever! In my poor apprehension now, were you to order a file to advance and take position — — ”

„The Sassenach!” cried a voice from beneath, „mark the Sassenach sidier! I see the glitter of his breast-plate.” At the same time three muskets were discharged; and while one ball rattled against the corslet of proof, to the strength of which our valiant Captain had been more than once indebted for his life, another penetrated the armour which covered the front of his left thigh, and stretched him on the ground. Ranald instantly seized him in his arms and bore him back from the edge of the precipice, while he dolefully ejaculated, „I always told the immortal Gustavus, Wallenstein, Tilly, and other



would have had to march off without Gustavus."

In fact, so effectually did the chaplain exert himself in behalf of so excellent a judge of composition, that while Dalgetty was parlying with the centinels at the drawbridge, shewing his passport, and giving the watch-word, a servant brought him his horse, ready saddled for the journey. In any other place, the Captain suddenly appearing at large after having been publicly sent to prison, might have excited suspicion and enquiry; but the officers and domestics of the Marquis were accustomed to the mysterious policy of their master, and never supposed aught else than that he had been liberated and entrusted with some private commission by their master. In this belief, and having received the parole, they gave him free passage.

Dalgetty rode slowly through the town of Inverara, the outlaw attending upon him like a foot-page at his horse's shoulder. As they passed the gibbet, the old man looked on the bodies and wrung his hands. The look and gesture were momentary, but expressive of indescribable anguish. Instantly recovering himself, Ranald, in passing, whispered somewhat to one of the females, who, like Rizpah the daughter of Aizah, seemed engaged in watching and mourning the victims of feudal justice and cruelty.



The woman started at his voice, but immediately collected herself, and returned for answer a slight inclination of the head.

Dalgetty continued his way of the town, uncertain whether he should try to seize or hire a boat and cross the the lake, or plunge into the woods and there conceal himself from pursuit. In the former event he was liable to be instantly pursued by the gallies of the Marquis, which lay ready for sailing, their long yard-arms pointing to the wind, and what hope could he have in an ordinary Highland fishing-boat to escape from them? If he made the latter choice, his chance either of supporting or concealing himself in those waste and unknown wildernesses was in the highest degree precarious. The town lay now behind him, yet what hand to turn to for safety he was unable to determine, and began to be sensible, that in escaping from the dungeon at Inverara, he had only accomplished the easiest part of a difficult task. If retaken, his fate was now certain; for the personal injury he had offered to a man so powerful and so vindictive, could be atoned for only by instant death. While he pondered these distressing reflections, and looked around with a countenance which plainly expressed indecision, Ranald MacEagh suddenly asked him "which way he intended to journey?"



“And that, honest comrade,” answered Dalgetty, “is preceesely the question which I cannot answer you — truly I begin to hold the opinion, Ranald, that we had better have stuck by the brown loaf and waterpitcher until Sir Duncan arrived, who, for his own honour, must have made some fight for me.”

“Saxon,” answered MacEagh, “do not you regret having exchanged the foul breath of yonder dungeon for the free air of heaven. Above all, repent not that you have served a Son of the Mist. Put yourself under my guidance, and I will warrant your safety with my head.”

“Can you guide me safe through these mountains, and back to the army of Montrose?” said Dalgetty.

“I can,” answered MacEagh; “there lives not a man to whom the mountain passes, the caverns, the glens, the thickets and the corries are known, as they are to the Children of the Mist. While others crawl on the level ground, by the sides of lakes and streams, ours are the steep hollows of the inaccessible mountains, the birth-place of the desert springs. Not all the blood-hounds of Argyle can trace the fastnesses through which I can guide you.”

“Say’st thou so, honest Ranald?” replied Dalgetty; “then have on with thee, for of a surety I shall never save the ship by my own pilotage.”



The outlaw accordingly led the way into the wood by which the castle is surrounded for several miles, walking with so much dispatch as kept Gustavus at a round trot, and taking such a number of cross cuts and turns, that Captain Dalgetty speedily lost all idea where he might be, and all knowledge of the points of the compass. At length, the path, which had gradually become more difficult, altogether ended among thickets and underwood. The roaring of a torrent was heard in the neighbourhood, the ground became in some places broken, in others boggy, and every-where unfit for riding.

“What the foul fiend,” said Dalgetty, “is to be done here? I must part with Gustavus, I fear.”

“Take no care for your horse,” said the outlaw; “he shall soon be restored to you.”

As he spoke, he whistled in a low tone, and a lad, half dressed in tartan, half naked, having only his own shaggy hair, tied with a thong of leather, to protect his head and face from sun and weather, lean, and half-starved in aspect, his wild grey eyes appearing to fill up ten times the proportion usually allotted to them in the human face, crept out as a wild beast might have done from a thicket of brambles and briars.

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„Och! och!“ said the despairing veteran, „Eheu! as we used to say at Mareschal College, must I leave Gustavus in such grooming?“

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To follow his guide was no easy matter, and soon required more agility than Captain Dalgetty could master. The very first plunge after he had parted from his charger, carried him, with little assistance from a few overhanging boughs, or projecting roots of trees, eight foot sheer down into the course of a torrent, up which the Son of the Mist led the way. Huge stones, over which they scrambled, thickets of thorn and brambles, through which they had to drag



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“With the weapons and with the courage of our fathers,” said MacEagh, and made the Captain observe, that the men of his party were armed with bows and arrows.

“Bows and arrows!” exclaimed Dalgetty; „ha! ha! ha! have we Robin Hood and Little John back again? — Bows and arrows! why, the sight has not been seen in civilized war for an hundred years. Bows and arrows! and why not with weavers - beams, as in the days of Goliath? That Dugald Dalgetty, of Drumthwacket, should live to see men fight with bows and arrows! — The immortal Gustavus would never have believed it — nor Wallenstein — nor Butler — nor old Tilly. — Well, Ranald, a cat can have but its claws — since bows and arrows are the word, e’en let us make the best of it. — Only, as I do not understand the scope and range of such old-fashioned artillery, you must make the best disposition you can out of your own head; for my taking the command, whilk I would have gladly done had you been to fight with any christian weapons, is out of the question when you are to combat like quivered Numidians. I will, however, play my part with my pistols in the approaching mellay, in respect my carabine unhappily remains at Gustavus’s saddle. — My service and thanks to you,” he continued, addressing a mountaineer who



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The moon gleamed on the broken pathway, and on the projecting cliffs of rock round which it winded, its light intercepted here and there by the branches of bushes and dwarf trees, which finding nourishment in the crevices of the rocks, in some places overshadowed the brow and ledge of the precipice. Below, a thick copse-wood lay in deep and dark shadow, somewhat resembling the billows of a half-seen ocean. From the bosom of that darkness, and close to the bottom of the precipice, the hound was heard at intervals baying fearfully, sounds which were redoubled by the echoes of the woods and rocks around. At intervals, these sunk into deep silence, interrupted only by the plashing noise of a small runnel of water which partly fell from the rock, partly found a more silent passage to the bottom along its projecting surface. Voices of men were also heard in stifled converse below; it seemed as if the pursuers had not discovered the narrow path which led to the top of the rock, or that, having discovered it, the peril of the ascent, joined to the imperfect light,



and the uncertainty whether it might not be defended, made them hesitate to attempt it.

At length a shadowy figure was seen, which raised itself up from the abyss of darkness below, and, emerging into the pale moonlight, began cautiously and slowly to ascend the rocky path. The outline was so distinctly marked, that Captain Dalgetty could discover not only the person of the Highlander, but the long gun which he carried in his hand, and the plume of feathers which decorated his bonnet. "*Tausend teiflen!* that I sould say so, and so like to be near my latter end," ejaculated the Captain, but under his breath, "what will become of us, now they have brought musquetry to encounter our archers?"

But just as the pursuer had attained a projecting piece of rock about half-way up the ascent, and, pausing, made a signal for those who were still at the bottom to follow him, an arrow whistled from the bow of one of the Children of the Mist, and transfixed him with so fatal a wound, that without a single effort to save himself, he lost his balance, and fell headlong from the cliff on which he stood into the darkness below. The crash of the boughs which received him, and the heavy sound of his fall from thence to the ground, was followed by a cry of horror and surprise, which burst from his



followers. The Children of the Mist, encouraged in proportion to the alarm this first success had caused among the pursuers, echoed back the clamour with a loud and shrill yell of exultation, and, shewing themselves on the brow of the precipice, with wild cries and vindictive gestures, endeavoured to impress on their enemies a sense at once of their courage, their numbers, and their state of defence. Even Captain Dalgetty's military prudence did not prevent his rising up and calling out to Ranald more loud than prudence warranted, „*Carocco*, comrade, as the Spaniard says! The long bow for ever! In my poor apprehension now, were you to order a file to advance and take position — — ”

„The Sassenach!” cried a voice from beneath, „mark the Sassenach sidier! I see the glitter of his breast-plate.” At the same time three muskets were discharged; and while one ball rattled against the corslet of proof, to the strength of which our valiant Captain had been more than once indebted for his life, another penetrated the armour which covered the front of his left thigh, and stretched him on the ground. Ranald instantly seized him in his arms and bore him back from the edge of the precipice, while he dolefully ejaculated, „I always told the immortal Gustavus, Wallenstein, Tilly, and other



men of the sword, that in my poor mind, tassets ought to be made musketproof."

With two or three earnest words in Gaelic, MacEagh commended the wounded man to the charge of the females, who were in the rear of his little party, and was then about to return to the contest. But Dalgetty detained him, grasping a firm hold of his plaid — "I know not how this matter may end — but I request you will inform Montrose, that I died like a follower of the immortal Gustavus — and I pray you, take heed how you quit your present strength, even for the purpose of pursuing the enemy, if you gain any advantage — and — and" —

Here Dalgetty's breath and eye-sight began to fail him through loss of blood, and MacEagh, availing himself of this circumstance, extricated from his grasp the end of his own mantle, and substituted that of a female, by which the Captain held stoutly, thereby securing, as he conceived, the outlaw's attention to the military instructions which he continued to pour forth while he had any breath to utter them, though they became gradually more and more incoherent — "and, comrade, you will be sure to keep your musqueteers in advance of your stand of pikes, Lochaber axes, and two handed swords — Stand fast, dragoons, on the left flank! — where was I? — Aye, and, Ranald, if ye be



minded to retreat, leave some lighted matches burning on the branches of the trees — it shews as if they were lined with shot — but I forget — ye have no matchlocks nor habergeons — only bows and arrows — bows and arrows! ha! ha! ha!”

Here the Captain sunk back in an exhausted condition, altogether unable to resist the sense of the ludicrous with the idea of these ancient weapons of war. It was a long time ere he recovered his senses; and in the mean time, we leave him in the care of the Daughters of the Mist; nurses as kind and attentive in reality, as they were wild and uncouth in outward appearance.

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## CHAPTER XV.

*But if no faithless action stain  
Thy true and constant word,  
I'll make thee famous by my pen,  
And glorious by my sword.*

*I'll serve thee in such noble ways  
As ne'er were known before;  
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,  
And love thee more and more.*

*Montrose's Lines.*

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WE must now leave, with whatever regret, the valiant Captain Dalgetty to recover of his wounds, or otherwise, as fate shall determine, in order briefly to trace the military operations of Montrose, worthy as they are of a more important page, and a better historian. By the assistance of the chieftains whom we have commemorated, and more especially by the junction of the Mur-



rays, Stewarts, and other clans of Athol, which were peculiarly zealous in the royal cause, he soon assembled an army of two or three thousand Highlanders, to whom he successfully united the Irish under Colkitto. This last leader, who, to the great embarrassment of Milton's commentators, is commemorated in one of that great poet's sonnets,\* was properly named Alister, or Alexander M' Donnell, by birth a Scot-

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\* Milton's book, entitled Tetrachordon, had been ridiculed, it would seem, by the divines assembled at Westminster, and others, on account of the hardness of the title; and Milton in his sonnet retaliates upon the barbarous Scottish names which the Civil War had made familiar to English ears:—

——— why is it harder, sirs, than Gordon,  
Colkitto, or M' Donald, or Gallasp,  
These rugged names to our like mouths  
grow sleek,  
That would have made Quintilian stare  
and gasp.

“We may suppose,” says Bishop Newton, “that these were persons of note among the Scotch ministers, who were for pressing and



tish islesman, and related to the Earl of Antrim, to whose patronage he owed the command assigned to him in the Irish troops. In many respects he merited this distinction. He was brave to intrepidity, and almost to insensibility; very strong and active in person, completely master of his weapons, and always ready to shew the example in the extremity of danger. To counterbalance these good qualities, it must be recorded that he was inexperienced in military tactics, and of a jealous and presumptuous disposition, which often lost to Montrose the fruits of Colkitto's gallantry. Yet such is the predominance of outward personal qualities in the eyes of a wild people, that the feats of strength and courage shewn by this champion, seem to have made a stronger impression upon the minds of the Highlanders, than the military skill and chivalrous spirit of the great Marquis of Montrose. Numerous traditions are still preserved

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enforcing the covenant; whereas Milton only intends to ridicule the barbarism of Scottish names in general, and quotes, indiscriminately, that of Gillespie one of the Apostles of the Covenant, and those of Colkitto and M'Donnel, (both belonging to one person) one of its bitterest enemies.



in the Highland glens concerning Alister M<sup>c</sup>-Donnel, though the name of Montrose is rarely mentioned among them.

The point upon which Montrose finally assembled his little army, was in Strathearn, on the verge of the Highlands of Perthshire, so as to menace the principal town of that county.

His enemies were not unprepared for his reception. Argyle, at the head of his Highlanders, was dogging the steps of the Irish from the west to the east, and by force, fear, or influence, had collected an army nearly sufficient to have given battle to that under Montrose. The Low Countries were also prepared, for reasons which we assigned at the beginning of this tale. A body of six thousand infantry, and six or seven thousand cavalry, which profanely assumed the title of God's army, had been hastily assembled from the shires of Fife, Angus, Perth, Stirling, and the neighbouring counties. A much less force in former times, nay even in the preceding reign, would have been sufficient to have secured the Low Countries against a more formidable descent of Highlanders, than those united under Montrose; but times had changed strangely within the last half century. Before that period, the Lowlanders were as constantly engaged in war as the mountaineers, and were incomparably better disciplined and armed.



The favourite Scottish order of battle somewhat resembled the Macedonian phalanx. Their infantry formed a compact body, armed with long spears, impenetrable even to the men-at-arms of the age, though well mounted, and arrayed in complete proof. It may easily be conceived, therefore, that their ranks could not be broken by the disorderly charge of infantry armed only with swords, and ill furnished with missile weapons, and having no artillery whatever. This habit of fight was in a great measure changed by the introduction of musquets into the Scottish Lowland service, which not being as yet combined with the bayonet, was a formidable weapon at a distance, but gave no assurance against the enemy who rushed on to close quarters. The pike, indeed, was not wholly disused in the Scottish army; but it was no longer the favourite weapon, nor was it relied upon as formerly by those in whose hands it was placed, in so much that Daniel Lupton, a tactician of the day, has written a book expressly upon the superiority of the musquet. This change commenced as early as the wars of Gustavus and Adolphus, whose marches were made with such rapidity, that the pike was very soon thrown aside and exchanged for fire-arms. A circumstance which necessarily accompanied this change, as well as the establishment of



standing armies, whereby war became a trade, was the introduction of a laborious and complicated system of discipline, combining a variety of words of command with corresponding operations and manœuvres, the neglect of any one of which was sure to throw the whole into confusion. War, therefore, as practised among most nations of Europe, had assumed much more than formerly the character of a profession or mystery, to which previous practice and experience were indispensable requisites. Such was the natural consequence of standing armies, which had almost everywhere, and particularly in the long German wars, superseded, what may be called the natural discipline of the feudal militia.

The Scotch Lowland militia, therefore, laboured under a double disadvantage when opposed to Highlanders. They were divested of the spear, a weapon which, in the hands of their ancestors, had so often repelled the impetuous assaults of the mountaineers; and they were subjected to a new and complicated species of discipline, well adapted, perhaps, to the use of regular troops, who could be rendered completely masters of it, but tending only to confuse the ranks of citizen-soldiers, by whom it was rarely practised, and imperfectly understood. So much has been done in our own time in bringing back



tactics to their first principles, and in getting rid of the pedantry of war, that it is easy for us to estimate the disadvantages under which a half-trained militia laboured, who were taught to consider success as depending upon their exercising with precision a system of tactics, which they probably only so far comprehended as to find out when they were wrong, but without the power of getting right again. Neither can it be denied, that, in the material points of military habit and warlike spirit, the Lowlanders of the seventeenth century had sunk far beneath their Highland countrymen.

From the earliest period down to the union of the crowns, the whole kingdom of Scotland, Lowlands as well as Highlands, had been the constant scene of war, foreign and domestic; and there was probably scarce one of its hardy inhabitants, between the age of sixteen and sixty, who was not as willing in point of fact, as he was literally bound in law, to assume arms at the first call of his liege lord, or of a royal proclamation. The law remained the same in sixteen hundred and forty-five as a hundred years before, but the race of those subjected to it had been bred up under very different feelings. They had sat in quiet under their vine and under their fig-tree, and a call to battle involved a change of life as new as it was disa-



greeable. Such of them, also, who lived near unto the Highlands, were in continual and disadvantageous contact with the restless inhabitants of those mountains, by whom their cattle were driven off, their dwellings plundered, and their persons insulted, and who had acquired over them that sort of superiority arising from a constant system of aggression. The Lowlanders, who lay more remote and out of reach of those depredations, were influenced by the exaggerated reports circulated concerning the Highlanders, whom, as totally differing in laws, language, and dress, they were induced to regard as a nation of savages, equally void of fear and of humanity. These various prepossessions, joined to the less warlike habits of the Lowlanders, and their imperfect knowledge of the new and complicated system of discipline for which they had exchanged their natural mode of fighting, placed them at great disadvantage when opposed to the Highlander in the field of battle. The mountaineers, on the contrary, with the arms and courage of their fathers, possessed also their simple and natural system of tactics, and bore down with the fullest confidence upon an enemy, to whom anything they had been taught of discipline was, like Saul's armour upon David, a hinderance rather than an help, "because they had not proved it."



It was with such disadvantages on the one side, and such advantages on the other to counterbalance the difference of superior numbers and the presence of artillery and cavalry, that Montrose encountered the army of Lord Elcho upon the field of Tippermuir. The presbyterian clergy had not been wanting in their efforts to rouse the spirit of their followers; and one of them, who harangued the troops on the very day of battle, hesitated not to say, that even God spoke by his mouth, and he promised them, in his name, that day a great and assured victory. The cavalry and artillery were also reckoned sure warrants of success, as the novelty of their attack had upon former occasions been very discouraging to Highlanders. The place of meeting was an open heath, and the ground afforded little advantage to either party, except that it allowed the horse of the Covenanters to act with effect.

¶ A battle, upon which so much depended, was never more easily decided. The Lowland cavalry made the appearance of charging; but, whether thrown into disorder by the fire of musketry, or deterred by a disaffection to the service said to have prevailed among the gentlemen, they made no impression whatever, and recoiled in disorder from ranks which had neither bayonets nor pikes to protect them. Mont-



rose saw, and instantly availed himself of this advantage. He ordered his whole army to charge, which they performed with the wild and desperate valour peculiar to the Highlanders. One officer of the Covenanters alone, trained in the Italian wars, made a desperate defence upon the right wing. In every other point their line was penetrated at the first onset; and this advantage once obtained, the Lowlanders were utterly unable to contend at close quarters with their more agile and athletic enemies. Many were slain on the field, and such a number in the pursuit, that above one-third of the Covenanters were reported to have fallen, in which number, however, must be computed a great many fat burgesses who broke their wind in the flight, and thus died without stroke of sword.\*

The victors obtained possession of Perth, and obtained considerable sums of money, as well as ample supplies of arms and ammunition. But these advantages were to be balanced against

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\* We chuse to quote our authority for a fact so singular: — “A great many burgesses were killed — twenty-five householders in St Andrews — many were bursten in the flight, and died without stroke.” — See *BAILLIE'S Letters, vol. II. page 92.*



an almost insurmountable inconvenience that uniformly attended a Highland army. The clans could be in no respect induced to consider themselves as regular soldiers, or to act as such. Even so late as the year 1745 — 6, when the Chevalier Charles Edward, by way of making an example, caused shoot a soldier for desertion, the Highlanders, who composed his army, were affected as much by indignation as by fear. They could not conceive any principle of justice upon which a man's life could be taken, for merely going home when it did not suit him to remain longer with the army. Such had been the uniform practice of their fathers. When a battle was over, the campaign was, in their opinion, ended; if it was lost, they sought safety in their mountains — if won, they returned there to secure their booty. At other seasons they had their cattle to look after, their harvests to sow or reap, without which their families would have perished for want. In either case, there was an end of their services for the time; and though they were easily enough recalled by the prospect of fresh adventures and more plunder, yet the opportunity of success was, in the meantime, lost, and could not afterwards be recovered. This circumstance serves to shew, even if history had not made us acquainted with the same fact, that the High-



landers had never been accustomed to make war with the view of permanent conquest, but only with the hope of deriving temporary advantage. It also explains the reason why Montrose, with all his splendid successes, never obtained any secure or permanent footing in the Low Countries, and why even those Lowland noblemen and gentlemen who were inclined to the royal cause shewed diffidence and reluctance to join an army of a character so desultory and irregular, as might lead them at all times to apprehend that the Highlanders, securing themselves by a retreat to their mountains, would leave whatever Lowlanders might have joined them to the mercy of an offended and predominant enemy. The same consideration will serve to account for the sudden marches which Montrose was obliged to undertake, in order to recruit his army in the mountains, and for the rapid changes of fortune, by which we often find him obliged to retreat from before those enemies over whom he had recently been victorious. If there should be any who read these tales for any further purpose than that of immediate amusement, they will find these remarks not unworthy of their recollection.

It was owing to such causes, the slackness of the Lowland loyalists and the temporary desertion of his Highland followers, that Montrose



found himself, even after the decisive victory of Tippermuir, in no condition to face the second army with which Argyle advanced upon him from the westward. In this emergency, supplying by velocity the want of strength, he moved suddenly from Perth to Dundee, and being refused reception into that town, fell northward upon Aberdeen, where he expected to be joined by the Gordons and other loyalists. But the zeal of these gentlemen was, for the time, effectually bridled by a large body of Covenanters, commanded by the Lord Burleigh, and supposed to amount to three thousand men. These Montrose boldly attacked with half their number. The battle was fought under the walls of the city, and the resolute valour of Montrose's followers was again successful against every disadvantage.

But it was the fate of this great commander always to gain the glory, but seldom the fruits of victory. He had scarcely time to repose his small army in Aberdeen ere he found, on the one hand, that the Gordons were likely to be deterred from joining him, by the reasons we have mentioned, with some others peculiar to their chief, the Marquis of Huntly. On the other hand, Argyle, whose forces had been augmented by those of several Lowland noblemen, advanced towards Montrose at the head



of an army much larger than he had yet had to cope with. These troops moved, indeed, with slowness, corresponding to the cautious character of their commander; but that very caution rendered Argyle's approach formidable, since his very advance implied, that he was at the head of an army irresistibly superior.

There remained one mode of retreat open to Montrose, and he adopted it. He threw himself into the Highlands, where he could set pursuit at defiance, and where he was sure, in every glen, to recover those recruits who had left his standard to deposit their booty in their native fastnesses. It was thus that the singular character of the army which Montrose commanded, while, on the one hand, it rendered his victory in some degree nugatory, enabled him, on the other, under the most disadvantageous circumstances, to secure his retreat, recruit his forces, and render himself more formidable than ever to the enemy before whom he had lately been unable to make a stand.

Upon the present occasion he threw himself into Badenoch, and rapidly traversing that district, as well as the neighbouring country of Atholl, he alarmed the Covenanters by successive attacks upon various unexpected points, and spread such general dismay, that repeated orders were dispatched by the Parliament to Argyle,



their commander, to engage and disperse Montrose at all rates.

These commands from his superiors neither suited the haughty spirit, nor the temporising and cautious policy, of the nobleman to whom they were addressed. He paid, accordingly, no regard to them, but limited his efforts to intrigues among Montrose's few Lowland followers, many of whom had become disgusted with the prospect of a Highland campaign, which exposed their persons to intolerable fatigue, and left their estates at the Covenanters' mercy. Accordingly, several of them left Montrose's camp at this period. He was joined, however, by a body of forces of more congenial spirit, and far better adapted to the situation in which he found himself. This reinforcement consisted of a large body of Highlanders, whom Colkitto, dispatched for that purpose, had levied in Argyleshire. Among the most distinguished was John of Moidart, called the Captain of Clan Ranald, with the Steuarts of Alpin, the Clan Gregor, the Clan M'Nab, and other tribes of inferior distinction. By these means, Montrose's army was so formidably increased, that Argyll cared no longer to remain in the command of that opposed to him, but returned to Edinburgh, and there threw up his commission, under pretence that his army was not supplied



with reinforcements and provisions in the manner in which they ought to have been. From thence the Marquis returned to Inverara, there, in full security, to govern his feudal vassals, and patriarchal followers, and to repose himself in safety on the faith of the Clan proverb already quoted — "It is a far cry to Lochow."



## CHAPTER XVI.

*Such mountains steep, such craggy hills  
His army on one side inclose;  
The other side, great griesly gills  
Did fence with fenny mire and moss.*

*Which, when the Earl understood,  
He council craved of captains all,  
Who bade set forth with mournful mood,  
And take such fortune as would fall.*

*Flodden Field, an Ancient Poem.*

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**M**ONTROSE had now a splendid career before him, provided he could obtain the consent of his gallant, but desultory troops, and their independant chieftains. The Low countries lay open before him without an army adequate to check his career, for Argyle's followers had left the Covenanters' host, when their master threw up his commission; and many other troops, ti-



red of the war, had taken the same opportunity to disband themselves. By descending Strath-Tay, therefore, one of the most convenient passes from the Highlands, Montrose had only to present himself in the Low Countries, in order to rouse the slumbering spirit of chivalry and of loyalty which animated the gentlemen to the north of the Forth. The possession of these countries, with or without a victory, would put him in possession of a wealthy and fertile part of the kingdom, would enable him, by regular pay, to place his army on a more permanent footing, to penetrate as far as the capital, perhaps from thence to the Border, where he deemed it possible to communicate with the yet unsubdued forces of King Charles.

Such was the plan of operations by which the truest glory was to be acquired, and the most important success insured for the royal cause. Accordingly it did not escape the ambitious and daring spirit of him whose services had already acquired him the title of the Great Marquis. But other motives actuated many of his followers, and perhaps were not without their secret and unacknowledged influence in his own bosom.

The western Chiefs in Montrose's army, almost to a man, regarded the Marquis of Argyle as the most direct and proper object of hostili-



ties. Almost all of them had felt his power; almost all, in withdrawing their fencible men from their own glens, left their families and property exposed to his vengeance; all, without exception, were desirous of diminishing his sovereignty; and most of them lay so near his territories, that they might reasonably hope to be gratified by a share of his spoil. To these Chiefs the possession of Inverara and its castle was an event infinitely more important and desirable than the capture of Edinburgh. The latter event could only afford their clansmen a little transitory pay or plunder; the former insured to the Chiefs themselves indemnity for the past, and security for the future. Besides these personal reasons, the leaders, who favoured this opinion, plausibly urged, that though, at his first descent into the Low Country, Montrose might be superior to the enemy, yet every day's march he made from the hills must diminish his own forces, and expose him to the accumulated superiority of an army which the Covenanters could collect from the Lowland levies and garrisons. On the other hand, by crushing Argyll effectually, he would not only permit his present western friends to bring out that proportion of their forces which they must otherwise leave at home for protection of their families; but further, he would draw to his standard se-



veral tribes already friendly to his cause, but who were prevented from joining him by fear of M'Callum More.

These arguments found something responsive in Montrose's own bosom, not quite consonant with the general heroism of his character. The houses of Argyle and Montrose had been, in former times, repeatedly opposed to each other in war and in politics, and the superior advantages acquired by the former, had made them the subject of envy and dislike to the neighbouring family, who, conscious of equal desert, had not been so richly rewarded. This was not all. The existing heads of these rival families had stood in the most marked opposition to each other since the commencement of the present troubles. Montrose, conscious of the superiority of his talents, and of having rendered great service to the Covenanters at the beginning of the war, had expected from that party the supereminence of council and command, which they judged it safer to entrust to the more limited faculties, and more extensive power, of his rival Argyle. The having awarded this preference, was an injury which Montrose never forgave the Covenanters; and he was still less likely to extend his pardon to Argyle, to whom he had been postponed. He was therefore stimulated by every feeling of hat-



red which could animate a fiery temper in a fierce age to seek for revenge upon the enemy of his house and person; and it is probable that these private motives operated not a little on his mind, when he found the principal part of his followers determined rather to undertake an expedition against the territories of Argyle, than to take the far more decisive step of descending at once into the Lowlands.

Yet whatever temptation Montrose found to carry into effect his attack upon Argyleshire, he could not easily bring himself to renounce the splendid achievement of a descent upon the Low Country. He held more than one council with the principal Chiefs, combating, perhaps, his own secret inclination as well as theirs. He laid before them the extreme difficulty of marching even a Highland army from the eastward into Argyleshire, through passes scarcely practicable for shepherds and deer-stalkers, and over mountains with which even the clans lying nearest to them did not pretend to be thoroughly acquainted. These difficulties were greatly enhanced by the season of the year, which was now advancing towards the beginning of December, when the mountain-passes, in themselves so difficult, might be expected to be rendered utterly impassable by snows storms. These objections neither satisfied nor silenced the Chiefs,



who still insisted upon their ancient mode of making war, by driving the cattle, which, according to the Gaelic phrase, «fed upon the grass of their enemy.” The council was dismissed late at night, and without coming to any decision, excepting that the Chiefs, who supported the opinion that Argyle should be invaded, promised to seek out among their followers those who might be most capable of undertaking the office of guides upon the expedition.

Montrose had retired to the cabin which served him for a tent, and stretched himself upon a bed of dry fern, the only place of repose which it afforded. But he courted sleep in vain, for the visions of ambition excluded those of Morpheus. In one moment he imagined himself displaying the royal banner from the reconquered castle of Edinburgh, detaching assistance to a monarch whose crown depended upon his success, and receiving in requital all the advantages and preferments which could be heaped upon him whom a king delighteth to honour. At another time this dream, splendid as it was, faded before the vision of gratified vengeance, and personal triumph over a personal enemy. To surprise Argyle in his strong-hold of Inverara — to crush in him at once the rival of his own house and the chief support of the Presbyterians — to shew the Covenanters the difference be-



tween the preferred Argyle and the postponed Montrose, was a picture too flattering to feudal vengeance to be easily relinquished.

While he lay thus busied with contradictory thoughts and feelings, the soldier who stood centinel upon his quarters announced to the Marquis, that two persons desired to speak with his Excellency.

“Their names?” answered Montrose, “and the cause of their urgency at such a time?”

On these points, the centinel, who was one of Colkitto’s Irishmen, could afford his general little information; so that Montrose, who at such a period durst refuse access to no one, lest he might have been neglecting some important intelligence, gave directions, as a necessary precaution, to put the guard under arms, and then prepared to receive them. His groom of the chambers had scarce lighted a pair of torches, and Montrose himself had scarce risen from his couch, when two men entered, one wearing a Lowland dress, of shamoy leather worn almost to tatters; the other, a tall upright old Highlander, of a complexion which might be termed iron grey, wasted and worn by frost and tempest.

“What may be your commands with me, my friends?” said the Marquis, his hand almost unconsciously seeking the butt of one of



his pistols; for the period, as well as the time of night, warranted suspicions which the good mien of his visitors was not by any means calculated to remove.

“I pray leave to congratulate you,” said the Lowlander, “my most noble General, and Right Honourable Lord, upon the great battles which you have atchieved since I had the fortune to be detached from you. It was a pretty affair that tuilzie at Tippermuir; nevertheless if I might be permitted to counsel” —

“Before doing so,” said the Marquis, “will you be pleased to let me know who is so kind as to favour me with his opinion.”

“Truly, my lord,” replied the man, “I should have hoped that was unnecessary, seeing it is not so long since I took on in your service, under promise of a commission as Major, with half a dollar of daily pay and half a dollar of arrears; and I am to trust your lordship has not forgotten my pay as well as my person?”

“My good friend, Major Dalgetty,” said Montrose, who by this time perfectly recollected his man, “you must consider what important things have happened to put my friends’ faces out of my memory, besides this imperfect light; but all conditions shall be kept. And what news from Argyleshire, my good Major? We have long given you up for lost, and I was now pre-



paring to take the most signal vengeance upon the old fox who infringed the law of arms in your person."

"Truly, my noble lord," said Dalgetty, "I have no desire that my return should put any stop to so proper and becoming an intention; verily, it is in no shape in the Earl of Argyle's favour or mercy that I now stand before you, and I shall be no intercessor for him. — But my escape is, under heaven and the excellent dexterity which, as an old and accomplished cavalier, I displayed in effecting the same, — I say, under these, it is owing to the assistance of this old Highlander, whom I venture to recommend to your lordship's special favour, as the instrument of saving your lordship's to command, Dugald Dalgetty of Drumthwacket."

"A thank-worthy service," said the Marquis, gravely, "which shall certainly be requited in the manner it deserves."

"Kneel down, Ranald," said Major Dalgetty, (as we must now call him,) "kneel down, and kiss his Excellency's hand."

The prescribed form of acknowledgment not being according to the custom of Ranald's country, he contented himself with folding his arms on his bosom and making a low inclination of his head.

"This poor man, my lord," said Major Dal-



getty, continuing his speech with a great air of protection towards Ranald MacEagh, "has strained all his slender means to defend my person from mine enemies, although having no better weapons of a missile sort than bows and arrows, whilk your lordship will hardly believe."

"You will see a great many such weapons in my camp," said Montrose, "and we find them serviceable."

"Serviceable, my lord!" said Dalgetty; "I trust your lordship will permit me to be surprised — bows and arrows! — I trust you will forgive my recommending the substitution of muskets, the first convenient opportunity. But besides defending me, this honest Highlander also was at the pains of curing me, in respect that I had got a touch of the wars in my retreat, which merits my best requital in this special introduction of him to your lordship's notice and protection."

"What is your name, my friend?" said Montrose, turning to the Highlander.

"It may not be spoken," answered the mountaineer.

"That is to say," interpreted Major Dalgetty, "he desires to have his name concealed, in respect he hath in former days taken a castle, slain certain children, and done other things, whilk, as your good lordship knows, are often



practised in war time, but excite no benevolence towards the perpetrator in the friends of those who sustain injury. I have known, in my military experience, many brave cavaliers put to death by the boors, simply for using military license upon the peasants."

"I understand," said Montrose: "This person is at feud with some of our followers. Let him retire to the court of guard, and we will think of the best mode of protecting him."

"You hear, Ranald," said Major Dalgetty, with an air of superiority, "his Excellency wishes to hold privy council with me, you must go to the court of guard. — He does not know where that is, poor fellow! — he is a young soldier for so old a man; I will put him under the charge of a centinel, and return to your lordship incontinent." He did so, and returned accordingly.

Montrose's first enquiry respected the embassy to Inverara; and he listened with attention to Dalgetty's reply, notwithstanding the prolixity of the Major's narrative. It required an effort from the Marquis to maintain his attention; but no one better knew, that where information is to be derived from the report of such agents as Dalgetty, it can only be obtained by suffering them to tell their story in their own way. Accordingly his patience was at length



rewarded. Among other spoils which the Captain thought himself at liberty to take, was a packet of Argyle's private papers. These he consigned to the hands of his general; a humour of accounting, however, which went no farther, for I do not understand that he made any mention of the purse of gold which he had appropriated at the same time that he made seizure of the papers aforesaid. Snatching a torch from the wall, Montrose was in an instant deeply engaged in the perusal of these documents, in which it is probable he found something to animate his personal resentment against his rival Argyle.

“Does he not fear me?” said he; “then he shall feel me. Will he fire my castle of Murdoch! — Inverara shall raise the first smoke. — O for a guide through the skirts of Strath Fillan!”

Whatever might be Dalgetty's personal conceit, he understood his business sufficiently to guess at Montrose's meaning. He instantly interrupted his own prolix narration of the skirmish which had taken place, and the wound he had received in his retreat, and began to speak to the point which he saw interested his general.

“If,” said he, “your Excellency wishes to make an infall into Argyleshire, this poor man,



Ranald, of whom I told you, together with his children and companions, know every pass into that land, both leading from the east and from the north."

"Indeed!" said Montrose; "what reason have you to believe their knowledge so extensive?"

"So please your Excellency," answered Dalgetty, "during the weeks that I remained with them for cure of my wound, they were repeatedly obliged to shift their quarters, in respect of Argyle's repeated attempts to repossess himself of the person of an officer who was honoured with your Excellency's confidence; so that I had occasion to admire the singular dexterity and knowledge of the face of the country with which they alternately atchieved their retreat and their advance; and when, at length, I was able to repair to your Excellency's standard, this honest creature, Ranald MacEagh, guided me by paths which my steed Gustavus, (which your lordship may remember,) trode with perfect safety, so that I said to myself, that where guides, spies, or intelligencers, were required in a Highland campaign in that western country, more expert persons than he and his attendants could not possibly be desired."

"And can you answer for his fidelity?" said Montrose; "what is his name and condition?"

"He is an outlaw, and robber by profession,"



answered Dalgetty; «and by name, called Ranald MacEagh; whilk signifies, Ranald, the Son of the Mist.”

«I should remember something of that name,” said Montrose, pausing; «Did not these Children of the Mist perpetrate some act of cruelty upon the M’Aulays?” —

Major Dalgetty mentioned the circumstance of the murder of the forester, and Montrose’s active memory at once recalled all the circumstances of the feud.

«It is most unlucky,” said Montrose, «this inextinguishable quarrel between these men and the M’Aulays. Allan has borne himself bravely in these wars, and possesses, by the wild mystery of his behaviour and language, so much influence over the minds of his countrymen, that the consequences of disobliging him might be serious. At the same time, these men being so capable of rendering useful service, and being, as you say, Major Dalgetty, perfectly trustworthy — —”

«I will impledge my pay and arrears, my horse and arms, my head and neck, upon their fidelity,” said the Major; «and your Excellency knows, that a soldado could say no more for his own father.”

«True,” said Montrose; «but as this is a mat-



ter of particular moment, I would willingly know the grounds of so positive an assurance."

"Concisely then, my lord," said the Major, "not only did they disdain to profit by a handsome reward which Argyle did me the honour to place upon this poor head of mine, and not only did they abstain from pillaging my personal property, whilk was to an amount that would have tempted regular soldiers in any service of Europe; and not only did they restore me my horse, whilk your excellency knows to be of value; but I could not prevail on them to accept one stiver, doit, or maravedi, for the trouble and expences of my sick bed. They actually refused my coined money when freely offered, — a tale seldom to be told in a Christian land."

"I admit," said Montrose, after a moment's reflection, "that their conduct towards you is good evidence of their fidelity; but how to secure against the breaking out of this feud." He paused, and then suddenly added, "I had forgot I have supt, while you, Major, have been travelling by moonlight."

He called to his attendants to fetch a stoup of wine and some refreshments. Major Dalgetty, who had the appetite of a convalescent returned from Highland quarters, needed not any pressing to partake of what was set before him, but proceeded to dispatch his food with



such alacrity, that the Marquis, filling a cup of wine, and drinking to his health, could not help remarking, that coarse as the provisions of his camp were, he was afraid Major Dalgetty had fared much worse during his excursion into Argyleshire.

„Your Excellency may take your corporal oath upon that,” said the worthy Major, speaking with his mouth full; „for the viands that the Children of the Mist procured for me, poor helpless creatures as they were, were so unrefreshful to my body, that when inclosed in my armour, whilk I was fain to leave behind me for expedition sake, I rattled therein like the shrivelled kernel in a nut that hath been kept on to a second Hallowe’en.”

„You must take the due means to repair these losses, Major Dalgetty.”

„In troth,” answered the soldier, „I shall hardly be able to compass that, unless my arrears are to be exchanged for present pay; for I protest to your Excellency, that the three stone weight which I have lost were simply raised upon the regular accountings of the States of Holland.”

„In that case,” said the Marquis, „you are only reduced to good marching order. As for the pay, let us once have victory — victory, Major, and your wishes, and all our wishes,



shall be amply fulfilled. Meantime help yourself to another cup of wine."

"To your Excellency's health," said the Major, filling a cup to the brim, to shew the zeal with which he drank the toast, "and victory over all your enemies, and particularly over Argyle. I hope to pull another handful from his beard myself — I have had one pluck at it already."

"Very true," answered Montrose; "but to return to these men of the Mist. You understand, Dalgetty, that their presence here, and the purpose for which we employ them, is a secret between you and me."

Delighted, as Montrose had anticipated, with this mark of his general's confidence, the Major laid his hand upon his nose, and nodded intelligence.

"How many may there be of Ranald's followers?" continued the Marquis.

"They are reduced, so far as I know, to some eight or ten men," answered Major Dalgetty, "and a few women and children."

"Where are they now?" demanded Montrose.

"In a valley, at three miles distance," answered the soldier, "awaiting your Excellency's command; I judged it not fit to bring them to your leaguer without your Excellency's orders."

"You judged very well," said Montrose; "it



would be proper that they remain where they are, or seek some more distant place of refuge. I will send them money, though it is a scarce article with me at present."

"It is quite unnecessary," said Major Dalgetty; "your Excellency has only to hint that the M' Aulays are going in that direction, and my friends of the Mist will instantly make volte-face, and go to the right about."

"That were scarce courteous," said the Marquis. "Better send them a few dollars to purchase them some cattle for the support of the women and children."

"They know how to come by their cattle at a far cheaper rate," said the Major; "but let it be as your Excellency wills."

"Let Ranald MacEagh," said Montrose, "select one or two of his followers, men whom he can trust, and who are capable of keeping their own secret; these shall serve for our guides. Let them be at my tent to-morrow at day-break, and see, if possible, that they neither guess my purpose, nor hold any communication with each other in private. — This old man, has he any children?"

"They have been killed or hanged," said the Captain, "to the number of a round dozen, as I believe — but he hath left one child, a smart and hopeful youth, whom I have noted to be



never without a pebble in his plaid nook, to fling at whosoever might come in his way, being a symbol, that, like David, who was accustomed to sling smooth stones taken from the brook, he may afterwards prove an adventurous warrior."

"That boy, Major Dalgetty," said the Marquis, "I will have to attend upon my own person. I presume he will have sense enough to keep his name secret."

"Your Excellency need not fear that," answered Dalgetty; "these Highland imps, from the moment they chip the shell" — —

"Well," replied Montrose, "that boy shall be pledge for the fidelity of his father, and if he proves faithful, the child's preferment shall be his reward. — And now, Major Dalgetty, I will licence your departure for the night; tomorrow you will introduce this MacEagh, under any name or character he may please to assume. I presume his profession has rendered him sufficiently expert in all sort of disguises; or we may admit John of Moydart into our schemes, who has sense, practicability, and intelligence, and will allow this man for a time to be disguised as one of his followers. For you, Major, my groom of the chambers will be your quarter-master for this evening."

Major Dalgetty took his leave with a joyful



heart, greatly elated with the reception he had met with, and much pleased with the personal manners of his new general, which, as he explained at great length to Ranald MacEagh, reminded him in many respects of the demeanour of the immortal Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North, and Bulwark of the Protestant Faith.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

*The march begins in military state,  
And nations on his eyes suspended wait;  
Stern famine guards the solitary coast,  
And winter barricades the realms of frost;  
He comes, — nor want, nor cold, his course  
delay. —*

### *Vanity of Human Wishes.*

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By break of day, Montrose received in his cabin old MacEagh, and questioned him long and particularly as to the means of approaching the country of Argyle. He made a note of his answers, which he compared with those of two of his followers, whom he introduced as the most prudent and experienced. He found them to correspond in all respects; but, still unsatisfied where precaution was so necessary, the Marquis compared the information he had received with



that he was able to collect from the Chiefs who lay most near to the destined scene of invasion, and being in all respects satisfied of its accuracy, he resolved to proceed in full reliance upon it.

In one point Montrose changed his mind. Having judged it unfit to take the boy Kenneth into his own service, lest, in case of his birth being discovered, it should be resented as an offence by the numerous clans who entertained a feudal enmity to this devoted family, he requested the Major to take him in attendance upon himself; and as he accompanied this request with a handsome *douceur*, under pretence of clothing and equipping the lad, this change was agreeable to all parties.

It was about breakfast-time, when Major Dalgetty, being dismissed by Montrose, went in quest of his old acquaintances, Lord Menteith and the M'Aulays, to whom he longed to communicate his own adventures, as well as to learn from them the particulars of the campaign. It may be imagined he was received with great glee by men to whom the late uniformity of their military life had rendered any change of society an interesting novelty. Allan M'Aulay alone seemed to recoil from his former acquaintance, although, when challenged by his brother, he could render no other reason than a



reluctance to be familiar with one who had been so lately in the company of Argyle and other enemies. Major Dalgetty was a little alarmed by this sort of instinctive consciousness which Allan seemed to entertain respecting the society he had been lately keeping; he was soon satisfied, however, that the perceptions of the seer in this particular were not infallible.

As Ranald MacEagh was to be placed under Major Dalgetty's protection and superintendence, it was necessary he should present him to those persons with whom he was most likely to associate. The dress of the old man had, in the meantime, been changed from the tartan of his clan to a sort of clothing peculiar to the men of the distant Isles, resembling a waistcoat with sleeves, and a petticoat, all made in one piece. This dress was laced from top to bottom in front, and bore some resemblance to that called a Polonaise, still worn by children in Scotland of the lower rank. The tartan hose and bonnet completed the dress, which old men of the last century remembered well to have seen worn by the distant Islesmen who came to the Earl of Mar's standard in the year 1715.

Major Dalgetty, keeping his eye on Allan as he spoke, introduced Ranald MacEagh under the fictitious name of Ranald MacGillihuron in Benbecula, who had escaped with him out of



Argyle's prison. He recommended him as a person skilful in the arts of the harper and the senachie, and by no means contemptible in the quality of a second-sighted person or seer. While making this exposition, Major Dalgetty stammered and hesitated in a way so unlike the usual glib forwardness of his manner, that he could not have failed to have given suspicion to Allan M'Aulay, had not that person's whole attention been engaged in steadily perusing the features of the person thus introduced to him. This steady gaze so much embarrassed Ranald MacEagh, that his hand was beginning to sink down towards his dagger, in expectation of a sudden assault, when Allan M'Aulay, suddenly crossing the floor of the hut, extended his hand to him in the way of friendly greeting. They sat down side by side, and conversed in a low mysterious tone of voice. Menteith and Angus M'Aulay were not surprised at this, for there prevailed among the Highlanders who pretended to the second-sight a sort of freemasonry, which generally induced them, upon meeting, to hold communication with each other on the nature and extent of their visionary experiences.

"Does the sight come gloomy upon your spirit?" said Allan to his new acquaintance.

"As dark as the shadow upon the moon," replied Ranald, "when she is darkened in her



mid-course in heaven, and prophets foretell of evil times."

"Come hither," said Allan, "come more this way, I would converse with you apart; for men say that in your distant islands the sight is poured forth with more clearness and power than upon us, who dwell near the Sassenach."

While they were plunged into their mystic conference, the two English cavaliers entered the cabin in the highest possible spirits, and announced to Angus M' Aulay that orders had been issued that all should hold themselves in readiness for an immediate march to the westward. Having delivered themselves of their news with much glee, they paid their compliments to their old acquaintance Major Dalgetty, whom they instantly recognised, and inquired after the health of his charger, Gustavus.

"I humbly thank you, gentlemen," answered the soldier, "Gustavus is well, though, like his master, somewhat barer on the ribs than when you offered to relieve me of him at Darnlinvarach; and let me assure you, that before you have made one or two of those marches which you seem to contemplate with so much satisfaction in prospect, you will leave, my good Knights, some of your English beef, and probably an English horse or two behind you."

Both exclaimed that they cared very little



what they found or what they left, provided the scene changed from dodging up and down Angus and Aberdeenshire, in pursuit of an enemy who would neither fight nor run away.

«If such be the case,” said Angus M‘Aulay, «I must give orders to my followers, and make provision too for the safe conveyance of Annot Lyle; for an advance into M‘Callum More’s country will be a farther and fouler road than these pinks of Cumbrian Knighthood are aware of.” So saying, he left the cabin.

«Annot Lyle!” repeated Dalgetty, «is she following the campaign?”

«Surely,” replied Sir Giles Musgrave, his eye glancing slightly from Lord Menteith to Allan M‘Aulay; «we could neither march nor fight, advance nor retreat, without the influence of the Princess of Harps.”

«The princess of Broad swords and Targets, I say,” answered his companion; «for the Lady of Montrose herself could not be more courteously waited upon; she has four Highland maidens, and as many barelegged gillies, to wait upon her orders.”

«And what would you have, gentlemen?” said Allan, turning suddenly from the Highlander with whom he was in conversation; «would you yourselves have left an innocent female, the companion of your infancy, to die by violence,



or perish by famine? There is not, by this time, a roof upon the habitation of my fathers — our crops have been destroyed, and our cattle have been driven — and you, gentlemen, have to bless God, that, coming from a milder and more civilized country, you expose only your own lives in this remorseless war, without apprehension that your enemies will visit with their vengeance the defenceless pledges you may have left behind you."

The Englishmen cordially agreed that they had the superiority in this respect; and the company now dispersing, went each to his several charge or occupation.

Allan lingered a moment behind, still questioning the reluctant Ranald MacEagh upon a point in his supposed visions, by which he was greatly perplexed. "Repeatedly," he said, "have I had the sight of a Gael, who seemed to plunge his weapon into the body of Menteith, — of that young nobleman in the scarlet laced cloak, who has just now left the bothy. But by no effort, though I have gazed till my eyes were almost fixed in the sockets, can I discover the face of this Highlander, or even conjecture who he may be, although his person and air seem familiar to me."

"Have you reversed your own plaid!" said



Ranald, "according to the rule of the experienced Seers in such cases?"

"I have," answered Allan, speaking low, and shuddering as if with internal agony.

"And in what guise did the phantom then appear to you?" said Ranald.

"With his plaid also reversed," answered Allan, in the same low and convulsed tone.

"Then be assured," said Ranald, "that your own hand, and none other, will do the deed of which you have witnessed the shadow."

"So has my anxious soul an hundred times surmised," replied Allan. "But it is impossible! Were I to read the record in the eternal book of fate, I would declare it impossible — we are bound by the ties of blood, and by an hundred ties more intimate — we have stood side by side in battle, and our swords have reeked with the blood of the same enemies — it is IMPOSSIBLE I should harm him!"

"That you WILL do so," answered Ranald, "is certain, though the cause be hid in the darkness of futurity. You say," said he, suppressing his own emotions with difficulty, "that side by side you have pursued your prey like blood-hounds — have you never seen blood-hounds turn their fangs against each other, and fight over the body of a throttled deer?"

"It is false," said M'Aulay, starting up;



“these are not the forebodings of fate, but the temptation of some evil spirit from the bottomless pit!” So saying, he strode out of the cabin.

“Thou hast it!” said the Son of the Mist, looking after him with an air of exultation; “the barbed arrow is in thy side! — Spirits of the slaughtered! rejoice! soon shall your murderers’ swords be dyed in each others’ blood.”

On the succeeding morning all was prepared, and Montrose advanced by rapid marches up the river Tay, and poured his desultory forces into the romantic vale around the lake of the same name, which lies at the head of that river. The inhabitants were Campbells, not indeed the vassals of Argyle, but of the allied and kindred house of Glenurchy, which now bears the name of Breadalbane. Being taken by surprise, they were totally unprepared for resistance, and were compelled to be the passive witnesses of the ravages which took place among their flocks and herds. Advancing in this manner to the vale of Loch Dochart, and laying waste the country around him, Montrose reached the most difficult point of his enterprize.

To a modern army, even with the assistance of the good military road which now leads up by Teinedrum to the head of Loch Awe, the passage of these extensive wilds would seem a task of some difficulty. But at this period,



and for long afterwards, there was no road or path whatsoever; and to add to the difficulty, the mountains were already covered with snow. It was a sublime scene to look up to them, piled in great masses, one upon another, the front rank of dazzling whiteness, while those which arose behind them caught a rosy tint from the setting of a clear wintry sun. Ben Cruachan, superior in magnitude, and seeming the very citadel of the Genius of the Region, rose high above the others, shewing his glimmering and scathed peak to the distance of many miles.

The followers of Montrose were men not to be daunted by the sublime, yet terrible prospect before them. Many of them were of that ancient race of Highlanders, who not only willingly made their couch in the snow, but considered it as effeminate luxury to use a snowball for a pillow. Plunder and revenge lay beyond the frozen mountains which they beheld, and they did not permit themselves to be daunted by the difficulty of traversing them. Montrose did not allow their spirits time to subside. He ordered the pipes to play in the van the ancient pibroch entitled "*Hoggal nam bo*," etc. (that is, We come through drift to drive the prey); the shrilling sounds of which had often struck the vales of the Lennox with



terror.\* The troops advanced with the nimble alacrity of mountaineers, and were soon involved in the dangerous pass, through which Rannald acted as their guide, going before them with a select party, to track out the way.

The power of man at no time appears more contemptible than when it is placed in contrast with scenes of natural terror and dignity. The victorious army of Montrose, whose exploits had struck terror into all Scotland, when ascending up this terrific pass, seemed a contemptible handful of stragglers, in the act of being devoured by the jaws of the mountain, which appeared ready to close upon them. Even Montrose half repented the boldness of his attempt, as he looked down from the summit of the first eminence which he attained, upon the scattered condition of his small army. The difficulty of getting forward was so great, that considerable gaps began to occur in the line of march, and the distance between the van, centre, and rear, was each moment increased in a degree equally incommodious and dangerous. It was with great apprehension that Montrose

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\* It is the family-march of the M'Farlanes, a warlike and predatory clan, who inhabited the western banks of Loch-Lomond.



looked upon every point of advantage which the hill afforded, in dread it might be found occupied by an enemy prepared for defence; and he often afterwards was heard to express his conviction, that had the passes of Strath Fillan been defended by two hundred resolute men, not only would his progress have been effectually stopt, but his whole army must have been in danger of being totally cut off. Security, however, the bane of many a strong country, and many a fortress, betrayed, upon this occasion, the district of Argyle to his enemies. The invaders had only to contend with the natural difficulties of the path, and with the snow, which, fortunately, had not fallen in any great quantity. The army no sooner reached the summit of the ridge of hills dividing Argyleshire from the district of Breadalbane, than they rushed down upon the devoted vales beneath them with a fury sufficiently expressive of the motives which had dictated a movement so difficult and hazardous.

Montrose divided his army into three bodies, in order to produce a wider and more extensive terror, one of which was commanded by the Captain of Clan Ranald, one intrusted to the leading of Colkitto, and the third remained under his own direction. He was thus enabled to penetrate the country of Argyle at three dif-



ferent points. Resistance there was none. The flight of the shepherds from the hills had first announced this formidable irruption, and wherever the clansmen were summoned out, they were killed, disarmed, and dispersed, by an enemy who had anticipated their motions. Major Dalgetty, who had been sent forward against Inverara with the few horse of the army that were fit for service, managed his matters so well, that he had very near surprised Argyle, as he expressed it, *inter pocula*, and it was only a rapid flight by water that saved that chief from death or captivity. But the punishment which Argyle himself escaped fell heavily upon his country and clan, and the ravages committed by Montrose on that devoted land, although too consistent with the genius of the country and times, have been repeatedly quoted as a blot on his actions and character.

Argyle in the meantime had fled to Edinburgh, to lay his complaints before the Convention of Estates. To meet the exigence of the moment, a considerable army was raised under General Baillie, a Presbyterian officer of skill and fidelity, with whom was joined in command the celebrated Sir John Urrie, a soldier of fortune like Dalgetty, who had already changed sides twice during the Civil War, and was destined to turn his coat a third time before it was end-



ed. Argyle also, burning with indignation, proceeded to levy his own numerous forces, in order to avenge himself of his feudal enemy. He established his head-quarters at Dumbarton, where he was soon joined by a considerable force, consisting chiefly of his own clansmen and dependants. Being there joined by Baillie and Urrie, with a very considerable army of regular forces, he prepared to march into Argyleshire, and chastise the invader of his paternal territories.

But Montrose, while these two formidable armies were forming a junction, had been recalled from that ravaged country by the approach of a third, collected in the north under the Earl of Seaforth, who, after some hesitation, having embraced the side of the Covenanters, had now, with the assistance of the veteran garrison of Inverness, formed a considerable army, with which he threatened Montrose from Inverness-shire. Inclosed in a wasted and unfriendly country, and menaced on each side by advancing enemies of superior force, it might have been supposed that Montrose's destruction was certain. But these were precisely the circumstances under which the active and enterprising genius of the Great Marquis was calculated to excite the wonder and admiration of friends, the astonishment and terror



of his enemies. As if by magic, he collected his scattered forces from the wasteful occupation in which they had been engaged; and scarce were they again united, ere Argyle and his associate generals were informed, that the royalists had suddenly disappeared from Argyleshire, and retreated northwards among the dusky and impenetrable mountains of Lochaber.

The sagacity of the generals opposed to Montrose, immediately conjectured, that it was the purpose of their active antagonist to fight with, and, if possible, to destroy Seaforth, ere they could come to his assistance. This occasioned a corresponding change in their operations. Leaving this chieftain to make the best defence he could, Urrie and Baillie again separated their forces from those of Argyle, and having chiefly horse and Lowland troops under their command, they kept the southern side of the Grampian ridge, moving along eastward into the county of Angus, resolving from thence to proceed into Aberdeenshire, in order to intercept Montrose, if he should attempt to escape in that direction.

Argyle, with his own levies and other troops, undertook to follow Montrose's march; so that in case he should come to action either with Seaforth, or with Baillie and Urrie, he might be placed between two fires by this third army,



which, at a secure distance, was to hang upon his rear.

For this purpose Argyle once more moved towards Inverara, having an opportunity, at every step, to deplore the severities which the hostile clans had exercised on his dependants and country. Whatever noble qualities the Highlanders possessed, and they had many, clemency in treating a hostile country was not of the number; but even the ravages of hostile troops combined to swell the number of Argyle's followers. It is still a Highland proverb, He whose house is burnt must become a soldier; and hundreds of the inhabitants of these unfortunate valleys had now no means of maintenance, save by exercising upon others the severities they had themselves sustained, and no future prospect of happiness, excepting in the gratification of revenge. His bands were, therefore, augmented by the very circumstances which had desolated his country, and Argyle soon found himself at the head of three thousand determined men, distinguished for activity and courage, and commanded by gentlemen of his own name, who yielded to none in those qualities. Under himself, he conferred the principal command upon Sir Duncan Campbell of Ardenvoehr, and another Sir Duncan Campbell of Auchenbreck, an experienced and veteran soldier, whom he had



recalled from the wars of Ireland for this purpose. The cold spirit of Argyle himself, however, clogged the military councils of his more intrepid assistants, and it was resolved, notwithstanding their increased force, to observe the same plan of operations, and to follow Montrose cautiously, in whatever direction he should march, north-eastward, avoiding an engagement until an opportunity should occur of falling upon the Marquis's rear, while he should be engaged with another enemy in front.

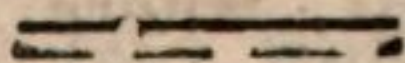


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## CHAPTER XVIII.

*Piobrachet au Donuil-dhu,  
Piobrachet au Donuil,  
Piobrachet agus spreittach  
Feacht an Innerlochy.*

*The war-tune of Donald the Black,  
The war-tune of Black Donald,  
The pipes and the banner  
Are up in the rendez-vous of Inverlochy.*



THE military road connecting the chain of forts, as it is called, and running in the general line of the present Caledonian canal, has now completely opened the great glen, or chasm, extending almost across the whole island, once doubtless filled by the sea, and still affording basins for that long line of lakes, by means of which modern art has united the German and



Atlantic Oceans. The paths or tracts by which the natives traversed this extensive valley, were, in 1645—6, in the same situation as when they awaked the strain of an Irish engineer officer, who had been employed in converting them into practicable military roads, and whose poem begins, and, for aught I know, ends, as follows: —

“Had you but seen these roads before they  
were made,  
You would have held up your hands and blessed  
General Wade.”

But, bad as the ordinary paths were, Montrose avoided them, and led his army, like a herd of wild deer, from mountain to mountain, and from forest to forest, where his enemies could learn nothing of his motions, while he acquired the most perfect knowledge respecting theirs from the friendly clans of Cameron and M'Donnell, whose mountainous districts he now traversed. Strict orders had been given that Argyle's advance should be watched, and that all intelligence respecting his motions should be communicated instantly to the General himself.

It was a moonlight night, and Montrose,



worn out by the fatigues of the day, was laid down to sleep in a miserable shieling. He had only slumbered two hours, when some one touched his shoulder. He looked up, and, by the stately form and deep voice, easily recognized the Chief of the Camerons.

“I have news for you,” said that leader, “which it is worth while to arise and listen to.”

“M’Ilduy can bring no other,” said Montrose, addressing the Chief by his patronymic title — “are they good or bad?”

“As you may take them,” said the Chieftain.

“Are they certain?”

“Yes,” answered M’Ilduy, “or another messenger should have brought them. Know that, tired with the task imposed upon me of accompanying that unhappy Dalgetty and his handful of horse, who detained me for hours on the march at the pace of a crippled badger, I made a stretch of four miles with six of my people in the direction of Inverlochy, and there met with Ian of Glenroy, who had been out for intelligence. Argyle is moving upon Inverlochy with three thousand chosen men, commanded by the flower of the sons of Diarmid. — These are my news — they are certain — it is for you to construe their purport.”

“Their purport must be good,” answered Montrose, readily and cheerfully; “the voice of



M'Ilduy is ever pleasant in the ears of Montrose, and most pleasant when it speaks of some brave enterprize at hand — "What are our musters?"

He then called for light, and easily ascertained, that a great part of his followers having, as usual, dispersed to secure their booty, he had not with him above twelve or fourteen hundred men.

"Not much above a third," said Montrose, pausing, "of Argyle's force, and Highlanders opposed to Highlanders. — With the blessing of God upon the royal cause, I would not hesitate were the odds but one to two."

"Then do not hesitate," said Cameron; "for, when your trumpets shall sound to attack M'Callum More, not a man of those glens will remain deaf to the summons. Glengary — Kerpoch — I myself — would destroy, with fire and sword, the wretch who should remain behind under any pretence whatsoever. To-morrow, or the next day, shall be a day of battle to all who bear the name of M'Donnell or Cameron, whatever be the event."

"It is gallantly said, my noble friend," said Montrose, grasping his hand, "and I were worse than a coward did I not do justice to such followers, by entertaining the most indubitable hopes of success. We will turn back on this



M'Callum More, who follows us like a raven to devour the relics of our army, should we meet braver men who may be able to break its strength! Let the Chiefs and leaders be called together as quickly as possible; and you, who have brought us the first news of this joyful event, — for such it shall be, — you shall bring it to a joyful issue, by guiding us the best and nearest road against our enemy."

"That will I willingly do," said M'Ilduy; "if I have shewn you paths by which to retreat through these dusky wilds, with far more readiness will I teach you how to advance against your enemy."

A general bustle now prevailed, and the leaders were every where startled from the rude couches on which they had sought temporary repose.

"I never thought," said Major Dalgetty, when summoned up from a handful of rugged heather roots, "to have parted from a bed as hard as a stable broom with such bad will; but indubitably, having but one man of military experience in his army, his Excellency the Marquis may be vindicated in putting him upon hard duty."

So saying, he repaired to the council, where, notwithstanding his pedantry, Montrose seemed always to listen to him with considerable attention; partly because the Major really possessed



military knowledge and experience, and often made suggestions which were found of advantage, and partly because it relieved the general from the necessity of deferring entirely to the opinion of the Highland Chiefs, and gave him additional ground for disputing it when it was not agreeable to his own. On the present occasion, Dalgetty joyfully acquiesced in the proposal of marching back and confronting Argyle, which he compared to the valiant resolution of the great Gustavus, who moved against the Duke of Bavaria, and enriched his troops by the plunder of that rich country, although menaced from the northward by the large army which Wallenstein had assembled in Bohemia.

The Chiefs of Glengary, Keppoch, and Lochiel, whose clans, equal in courage and military fame to any in the Highlands, lay within the neighbourhood of the scene of action, dispatched the fiery cross through their vassals, to summon every one who could bear arms to meet the King's Lieutenant, and to join the standards of their respective chiefs as they marched towards Inverlochy. As the order was emphatically given, it was speedily and willingly obeyed. Their natural love of war, their zeal for the royal cause, — for they viewed the King in the light of a chief whom his clansmen had deserted, — as well as their implicit obedience to



their own patriarchs, drew in to Montrose's army not only all in the neighbourhood who were able to bear arms, but some who, in age at least, might have been esteemed past the use of them. During the next day's march, which, being directed straight through the mountains of Lochaber, was unsuspected by the enemy, his forces were augmented by handfulls of men issuing from each glen, and ranging themselves under the banners of their respective Chiefs. This was a circumstance highly inspiring to the rest of the army, who, by the time they approached the enemy, found their strength increased considerably more than one-fourth, as had been prophesied by the valiant leader of the Camerons.

While Montrose executed this countermarch, Argyle had, at the head of his gallant army, advanced up the southern side of Loch-Eil, and reached the river Lochy, which combines that lake with Loch-Lochy. The ancient Castle of Inverlochy, once, as it is said, a royal fortress, and still, although dismantled, a place of some strength and consideration, offered convenient head-quarters, and there was ample room for Argyle's army to encamp around him in the valley, where the Lochy joins Loch-Eil. Several barges had attended, loaded with provisions, so that they were in every respect as well



accommodated as such an army wished or expected to be. The Marquis, in council with Auchenbreck and Ardenvoehr, expressed his full confidence that Montrose was now on the brink of destruction; that his troops must gradually diminish as he moved eastward through such uncouth paths; that if he went eastward, he must encounter Urrie and Baillie; if northward, fall into the hands of Seaforth; or should he chuse any halting place, he would expose himself to be attacked by three armies at once.

“I cannot rejoice in the prospect, my lord,” said Auchenbreck, “that James Graham will be crushed with little assistance of ours. He has left a heavy account in Argyleshire against him, and I long to reckon with him drop of blood for drop of blood. I love not the payment of such debts by third hands.”

“You are too scrupulous,” said Argyle; “what signifies by whose hands the blood of the Grahams is spilt? — It is time that of the sons of Diarmid should cease to flow. What say you, Ardenvoehr?”

“I say, my lord,” replied Sir Duncan, “that I think Auchenbreck will be gratified, and will himself have a personal opportunity of settling accounts with Montrose for his depredations. Reports have reached our outposts that the Camerons are assembling on the skirts of Ben-Ne-



vis; this must be to join the advance of Montrose, and not to cover his retreat."

"It must be some scheme of harassing and depredation," said Argyle, "devised by the inveterate malignity of M'Ilduy, which he terms loyalty. They can intend no more than an attack on our outposts, or some annoyance to to-morrow's march."

"I have sent out scouts," said Sir Duncan, "in every direction, to procure intelligence; and we must soon hear whether they really do assemble any force, upon what point, or with what purpose."

It was late ere any tidings were received; but when the moon had arisen, a considerable bustle in the camp, and a noise immediately after heard in the castle, announced the arrival of important intelligence. Of the scouts first dispersed by Ardenvohr, some had returned without being able to collect anything, save uncertain rumours concerning movements in the country of the Camerons. It seemed as if the skirts of Ben-Nevis were sending forth those unaccountable and portentous sounds with which they sometimes announce the near arrival of a storm. Others, whose zeal carried them farther upon their mission, were entrapped and slain, or made prisoners, by the inhabitants of the fastnesses into which they endeavoured to pene-



trate. At length, on the rapid advance of Montrose's army, his advanced guard and the outposts of Argyle became aware of each other's presence, and after exchanging a few musket-shots and arrows, fell back to their respective main bodies, to convey intelligence and receive orders."

Sir Duncan Campbell, and Auchenbreck, instantly threw themselves on horseback, in order to visit the state of the outposts; and the Marquis of Argyle maintained his character of commander-in-chief with reputation, by making a respectable arrangement of his forces in the plain, as it was evident that they might now expect a night alarm, or an attack in the morning at farthest. Montrose had kept his forces so cautiously within the defiles of the mountain, that no effort which Auchenbreck or Ardenvoehr thought it prudent to attempt, could ascertain his probable strength. They were aware, however, that, at the utmost computation, it must be inferior to their own, and they returned to Argyle to inform him of the amount of their observations; but that nobleman refused to believe that Montrose could be in presence himself. He said, "It was a madness, of which even James Graham, in his height of presumptuous phrenzy, was incapable: and he doubted not that their march was only impeded by their



ancient enemies, Glenco, Keppoch, and Glen-gary; and perhaps M'Vourigh, with his M'Phersons, might have assembled a force, which he knew must be greatly inferior in numbers to his own, and whom, therefore, he doubted not to disperse by force, or by terms of capitulation."

The spirit of Argyle's followers was high, breathing vengeance for the disasters which their country had so lately undergone; and the night passed in anxious hopes that the morning might dawn upon their vengeance. The outposts of either army kept a careful watch, and the soldiers of Argyle slept in the order of battle which they were next to occupy.

A pale dawn had scarce begun to tinge the tops of these immense mountains, when the leaders of both armies prepared for the business of the day. It was the second of February, 1645—6. The clansmen of Argyle were arranged in two lines, not far from the angle between the river and the lake, and made an appearance equally resolute and formidable. Auchenbreck would willingly have commenced the battle by an attack on the out-posts of the enemy, but Argyle, with more cautious policy, preferred receiving to making the onset. Signals were soon heard, that they would not long wait for it in vain. The Campbells could dis-



tinguish, in the gorge of the mountains, the war-tunes of various clans as they advanced to the onset. That of the Camerons, which bears the ominous words, addressed to the wolves and ravens, "Come to me, and I will give you flesh," was loudly re-echoed from their native glens. In the language of the Highland bards, the war voice of Glengary was not silent; and the gathering tunes of other tribes could be plainly distinguished, as they successively came up to the extremity of the passes from which they were to descend into the plain.

"You see," said Argyle to his kinsmen, "it is as I said, we have only to deal with our neighbours; James Graham has not ventured to shew us his banner."

At this moment there resounded from the gorge of the pass a lively flourish of trumpets, in that note with which it was the ancient Scottish fashion to salute the royal standard.

"You may hear, my lord, the signal," said Sir Duncan Campbell, "that he who pretends to be the King's Lieutenant, must be in person among these men."

"And has probably horse with him," said Auchenbreck, "which I could not have anticipated. But shall we look pale for that, my lord, when we have foes to fight, and wrongs to revenge?"



Argyle was silent, and looked upon his arm, which hung in a sash, owing to a fall which he had sustained in a preceding march.

“It is true,” interrupted Ardenvoehr, eagerly; “my Lord of Argyle, you are disabled from using either sword or pistol; you must retire on board the galleys — your life is precious to us as a head — your hand cannot be useful to us as a soldier.”

“No,” said Argyle, pride contending with irresolution, “it shall never be said that I fled before Montrose; if I cannot fight, I will at least die in the midst of my children.”

Several other principal chiefs of the Campbells, with one voice, conjured and obtested their chieftain to leave them for that day to the leading of Ardenvoehr and Auchenbreck, and to behold the conflict from a distance and in safety. — We dare not stigmatize Argyle with poltroonery — for, though his life was marked by no action of bravery, yet he behaved with so much composure and dignity in the final and closing scene, that his conduct upon the present and similar occasions, should be rather imputed to indecision than to want of courage. But when the small still voice within a man’s own breast, which tells him that his life is of consequence to himself, is seconded by that of numbers around him, who assure him that it is



of equal advantage to the public, history affords many examples of men more habitually daring than Argyle, who have consulted self-preservation when the temptations to it were so powerfully increased.

“See him on board, if you will, Sir Duncan,” said Auchenbreck to his kinsman, “I must prevent this spirit from spreading further among us.”

So saying, he threw himself among the ranks, entreating, commanding, and conjuring the soldiers, to remember their ancient fame and their present superiority; the wrongs they had to revenge, if successful, and the fate they had to dread, if vanquished; and imparting to every bosom a portion of the fire which glowed in his own. Slowly, meanwhile, and apparently with reluctance, Argyle suffered himself to be forced by his officious kinsmen to the verge of the lake, and was transported on board of a galley, from the deck of which he surveyed with more safety than credit the scene which ensued.

Sir Duncan Campbell of Ardenvoehr, notwithstanding the urgency of the occasion, stood with his eyes rivetted on the boat which bore his chieftain from the field of battle. There were feelings in his bosom which could not be expressed; for the character of a chief was that of a father, and the heart of a clansman durst not dwell upon his failings with critical severity as



upon those of other men. Argyle, too, harsh and severe to others, was generous and liberal among his kinsmen, and the noble heart of Ardenvoehr was wrung with bitter anguish, when he reflected to what interpretation his present conduct might subject him.

“It is better it should be so,” said he to himself, devouring his own emotion; “but——of his line of a hundred sires, I know not one who would have retired while the banner of Diarmid waved in the wind!”

A loud shout now compelled him to turn, and to hasten with all dispatch to his post, which was on the right flank of Argyle’s little army.

The retreat of Argyle had not passed unobserved by his watchful enemy, who, occupying the superior ground, could mark every circumstance which passed below. The movement of three or four horsemen to the rear shewed that those who retreated were men of rank.

“They are going,” said Dalgetty, “to put their horses out of danger, like prudent cavaliers, Yonder goes Sir Duncan Campbell, riding a brown bay gelding, which I had marked for my own second charger.”

“You are wrong, Major,” said Montrose, with a bitter smile, “they are saving their precious chief. — Give the signal for assault instantly —



send the word through the ranks. — Gentlemen, noble Chiefs, Glengary, Keppoch, M'Vourigh, upon them instantly! — Ride to M'Ilduy, Major Dalgetty, and tell him to charge, as he loves Lochaber — return and bring our handful of horse to my standard. They shall be placed with the Irish as a reserve."



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CHAPTER XIX.

As meets a rock a thousand waves, so Inis-fail met Lochlin.

Ossian.

THE trumpets and bag-pipes, those clamorous harbingers of blood and death, at once united in the signal for onset, which was replied to by the cry of more than two thousand warriors, and the echoes of the mountain glens behind them. Divided into three bodies, or columns, the Highland followers of Montrose poured from the defiles which had hitherto concealed them from their enemies, and rushed with the utmost determination upon the Campbells, who waited their charge with the greatest firmness. Behind these charging columns marched in line the Irish, under Colkitto, intended to form the reserve. With them was the royal standard, and Mon-

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trose himself; and on the flanks were about fifty horse, under Dalgetty, which by wonderful exertions had been kept in some sort fit for service.

The right column of royalists was led by Glen-gary, the left by Lochiel, and the centre by the Earl of Menteith, who preferred fighting on foot in a Highland dress to remaining with the cavalry.

The Highlanders poured on with the proverbial fury of their country, firing their guns, and discharging their arrows, at a little distance from the enemy, who received the assault with the most determined gallantry. Better provided with musquetry than their enemies, stationary also, and therefore taking the more decisive aim, the fire of Argyle's followers was more destructive than that which they sustained. The clans, perceiving this, rushed to close quarters, and succeeded on two points in throwing their enemies into disorder. With regular troops this must have achieved a victory; but here Highlanders were opposed to Highlanders, and the nature of the weapons, as well as the agility of those who wielded them, was equal on both sides.

Their strife was accordingly desperate; and the clash of the swords and axes, as they en-

countered each other, or rung upon the targets, was mingled with the short, wild, animating shrieks with which Highlanders accompany violent exertion of any kind. Many of the foes opposed were personally acquainted, and sought to match themselves with each other from motives of hatred, or a more generous emulation of valour. Neither party would retreat an inch, while the place of those who fell (and they fell fast on both sides) was eagerly supplied by others, who thronged to the front of danger. A steam, like that which arises from a seething caldron, rose into the thin, cold, frosty air, and hovered above the combatants.

So stood the fight on the right and the centre, with no immediate consequence, except mutual wounds and death.

On the right of the Campbells, the Knight of Ardenvoehr obtained some advantage, through his military skill and by strength of numbers. He had moved forward obliquely the extreme flank of his line at the instant the Royalists were about to close, so that they sustained a fire at once on front and in flank, and, despite the utmost efforts of their leader, were thrown into some confusion. At this instant, Sir Duncan Campbell gave the word to charge, and thus unexpectedly made the attack at the very mo-

ment he seemed about to receive it. Such a change of circumstances is always discouraging, and often fatal. But the disorder was remedied by the advance of the Irish reserve, whose heavy and sustained fire compelled the Knight of Ardenvohr to forego his advantage, and content himself with repulsing his enemy. The Marquis in the meanwhile, availing himself of some scattered birch trees, as well as of the smoke produced by the close fire of the Irish musquetry, which concealed the operation, called upon Dalgetty to follow him with the horse, and wheeling round so as to gain the right flank and even the rear of the enemy, he commanded his six trumpets to sound the charge. The clang of the cavalry trumpets, and the noise of the galloping of the horse, produced an effect upon Argyle's right wing which no other sounds could have impressed them with. The mountaineers of that period had a superstitious dread of the war-horse, like that entertained by the Peruvians, and had many strange ideas respecting the manner in which that animal was trained to combat. When, therefore, they found their ranks unexpectedly broken, and that the objects of their greatest terror were suddenly in the midst of them, the panic, in spite of Sir Duncan's attempts to stop it, became universal. Indeed, the figure of Major Dalgetty alone, shea-

thed in impenetrable armour, and making his horse caracole and bound, so as to give weight to every blow which he struck, would have been a novelty in itself sufficient to terrify those who had never seen anything more nearly resembling such a cavalier, than a *shelty* waddling under a Highlander far bigger than itself. The repulsed Royalists returned to the charge; the Irish, keeping their ranks, maintained a fire equally close and destructive. There was no sustaining the fight longer. Argyle's followers began to break and fly, most towards the lake, the remainder in different directions. The defeat of the right wing, of itself decisive, was rendered irreparable by the death of Auchencbreck, who fell while endeavouring to restore order.

The Knight of Ardenvoehr, with two or three hundred men, all gentlemen of descent and distinguished gallantry, endeavoured, with unavailing heroism, to cover the tumultuary retreat of the common file. Their resolution only proved fatal to themselves, as they were charged again and again by fresh adversaries, and forced separate from each other, until at length their aim seemed only to be to purchase an honourable death by resisting to the very last.

“Good quarter, Sir Duncan,” called out Ma-

jor Dalgetty, when he discovered his late host, with one or two others, defending himself against several Highlanders; and, to enforce his offer, he rode up to him with his sword uplifted. Sir Duncan's reply was the discharge of a reserved pistol, which took effect not on the person of the rider, but on that of his gallant horse, which, shot through the heart, fell dead under him. Ranald MacEagh, who was one of those who had been pressing Sir Duncan hard, took the opportunity to cut him down with his broad-sword, as he turned from him in the act of firing the pistol.

Allan M'Aulay came up at this moment. They were, excepting Ranald, followers of his brother who were engaged on that part of the field. „Villains!” he said, „which of you has dared to do this, when it was my positive order that the Knight of Ardenvoehr should be taken alive?”

Half a-dozen of busy hands, which were emulously employed in plundering the fallen Knight, whose arms and accoutrements were of a magnificence befitting his quality, instantly forebore the occupation, and half the number of voices exculpated themselves by laying the blame on the Skyeman, as they called Ranald MacEagh.

“Dog of an Islander!” said Allan, forgetting, in his wrath, their prophetic brotherhood, “follow the chace, and harm him no farther, unless you mean to die by my hand.” They were at this moment left almost alone; for Allan’s threats had forced his own clan from the spot, and all around had pressed onwards towards the lake, carrying before them noise, terror, and confusion, and leaving behind only the dead and dying. The moment was tempting to MacEagh’s vengeful spirit. — “That I should die by your hand, red as it is with the blood of my kindred,” said he, answering the threat of Allan in a tone as menacing as his own, “is not more likely than that you should fall by mine.” With that, he struck at M’Aulay with such unexpected readiness, that he had scarce time to intercept the blow with his target.

“Villain!” said Allan, in astonishment, “what means this?”

“I am Ranald of the Mist,” answered the Islesman, repeating the blow; and, with that word, they engaged in close and furious conflict. It seemed to be decreed, that in Allan M’Aulay had arisen the avenger of his mother’s wrongs upon this wild tribe, as was proved by the issue of the present, as well as of former combats. After exchanging a few blows, Ra-

nald MacEagh was prostrated by a deep wound on the skull; and M'Aulay, setting his foot on him, was about to pass the broad-sword through his body, when the point of the weapon was struck up by a third party, who suddenly interposed. This was no other than Major Dalgetty, who, stunned by the fall, and encumbered by the dead body of his horse, had now recovered his legs and his understanding. „Hold up your sword,” said he to M'Aulay, „and prejudice this person no farther, in respect that he is here in my safe conduct, and in his Excellency's service; and in regard that no honourable cavalier is at liberty, by the law martial, to avenge his own private injuries, *flagrante bello, multo majus flagrante prælio.*”

„Fool!” said Allan, „stand aside, and dare not to come between the tiger and his prey.”

But, far from quitting his point, Dalgetty stept across the fallen body of MacEagh, and gave Allan to understand, that if he called himself a tiger, he was likely, at present, to find a lion in his path. There required no more than the gesture and tone of defiance to turn the whole rage of the military Seer against the person who was opposing the course of his vengeance, and blows were instantly exchanged without farther ceremony.

The strife betwixt Allan and MacEagh had been unnoticed by the stragglers around, for the person of the latter was known to few of Montrose's followers; but the scuffle betwixt Dalgetty and him, both so well known, attracted instant attention; and fortunately, among others, that of Montrose himself, who had come for the purpose of gathering together his small body of horse, and following the pursuit down Loch-Eil. Aware of the fatal consequences of dissension in his little army, he pushed his horse up to the spot, and seeing MacEagh on the ground, and Dalgetty in the attitude of protecting him against M'Aulay, his quick apprehension instantly caught the cause of quarrel, and as instantly devised means to stop it. "For shame," he said, "gentlemen cavaliers, brawling together in so glorious a field of victory! — Are you mad? Or are you intoxicated with the glory which you have both this day gained?"

"It is not my fault, so please your Excellency" said Dalgetty "I have been known a *bonus socius*, a *bon camarado*, in all the services of Europe; but he that touches a man under my safeguard" —

"And he," said Allan, speaking at the same time, "who dares to bar the course of my just vengeance" —

“For shame, gentleman,” again repeated Montrose; “I have other business for you both, — business of deeper importance than any private quarrel, which you may easily find a more fitting time to settle. For you, Major Dalgetty, kneel down.”

“Kneel!” said Dalgetty; “I have not learned to obey that word of command, saving when it is given from the pulpit. In the Swedish discipline, the front-rank do indeed kneel, but only when the regiment is drawn up six file deep.”

“Nevertheless,” repeated Montrose, — “kneel down, in the name of King Charles and of his representative.”

When Dalgetty reluctantly obeyed, Montrose struck him slightly on the neck with the flat of his sword, saying, — “In reward of the gallant service of this day, and in the name and authority of our sovereign, King Charles, I dub thee knight; be brave, loyal, and fortunate. And now, Sir Dugald Dalgetty, to your duty. Collect what horsemen you can, and pursue such of the enemy as are flying down the side of the Lake. Do not disperse your force, nor venture too far; but take heed to prevent their rallying, which very little exertion may do. Mount then, Sir Dugald, and do your duty.”

“But what shall I mount?” said the new-made chevalier. “Poor Gustavus sleeps in the bed of honour, like his immortal namesake! and I am made a knight, a rider, as the High Dutch have it, just when I have not a horse left to ride upon.”

“That shall not be said, answered Montrose, dismounting; “I make you a present of my own, which has been thought a good one; only pray you, resume the duty you discharge so well.”

With many acknowledgments, Sir Dugald mounted the steed so liberally bestowed upon him; and only beseeching his Excellency to remember that MacEagh was under his save conduct, immediately began to execute the orders assigned to him, with great zeal and alacrity.

“And you, Allan M’Aulay, said Montrose, addressing the Highlander, who, leaning his sword-point on the ground, had regarded the ceremony of his antagonist’s knighthood with a sneer of sullen scorn, — “you, who are superior to the ordinary men led by the paltry motives of plunder, and pay, and personal distinction, — you, whose deep knowledge renders you so valuable a counsellor, — is it *you* whom I find striving with a man like Dalgetty, for the privilege of trampling the remains of

life out of so contemptible an enemy as lies there? Come, my friend, I have other work for you. This victory, skilfully improved, will win Seaforth to our party. It is not disloyalty, but despair of the good cause, that has induced him to take arms against us. These arms, in this moment of better augury, he may be brought to unite with ours. I sent my gallant friend, Colonel Hay, to him, from this very field of battle, but he must be united in commission with a Highland gentleman of rank, befitting that of Seaforth, and of talents and of influence such as may make an impression upon him. You are not only in every respect the fittest for this most important mission, but, having no immediate command, your presence may be more easily spared than that of a Chief whose following is in the field. You know every pass and glen in the Highlands, as well as the manners and customs of every tribe. Go therefore to Hay, on the right wing; he has instructions, and expects you. You will find him with Glenmorrison's men; Be his guide, his interpreter, and his colleague."

Allan M'Aulay bent on the Marquis a dark and penetrating glance, as if to ascertain whether this sudden mission was not conferred for some latent and unexplained purpose. But Mon-

trose, skilful in searching the motives of others, was an equal adept in concealing his own. He considered it as of the last consequence, in this moment of enthusiasm and exalted passion, to remove Allan from the camp for a few days, that he might provide, as his honour required, for the safety of those who had acted as his guides, when he trusted the Seer's quarrel with Dalgetty might be easily made up. Allan, at parting, only recommended to the Marquis the care of Sir Duncan Campbell, whom Montrose instantly directed to be conveyed to a place of safety. He took the same precaution for MacEagh, committing the latter, however, to a party of the Irish, with directions that he should be taken care of, but that no Highlander, of any clan, should have access to him.

The Marquis then mounted a led horse, which was held by one of his attendants, and rode on to view the scene of his victory, which was more decisive than even his ardent hopes had anticipated. Of Argyle's gallant army of three thousand men, fully one-half fell in the battle, or in the flight. They had been chiefly driven back upon that part of the plain where the river forms an angle with the lake, so that there was no free opening either for retreat or escape. Several hundreds were forced into the lake and

drowned. Of the survivors, about one-half escaped by swimming the river, or by an early flight along the left bank of the lake. The remainder threw themselves into the old Castle of Inverlochy; but being without either provisions or hopes of relief, they were obliged to surrender, on condition of being suffered to return to their homes in peace. Arms, ammunition, standards, and baggage, all became the prey of the conquerors.

This was the greatest disaster that ever befell the race of Diarmid, as the Campbells were called in the Highlands; it being generally remarked that they were as fortunate in the issue of their undertakings, as they were sagacious in planning, and courageous in executing them. Of the number slain, nearly five hundred were dunniwassels, or gentlemen claiming descent from known and respected houses. And, in the opinion of many of the clan, even this heavy loss was exceeded by the disgrace arising from the inglorious conduct of their Chief, whose galley weighed anchor when the day was lost, and sailed down the lake with all the speed to which sails and oars could impel her.

CHAPTER XX.

*Faint the din of battle bray'd,
Distant down the hollow wind;
War and terror fled before,
Wounds and death remained behind.*

Penrose.

MONTROSE'S splendid success over his powerful rival was not attained without some loss, though not amounting to the tenth of what he inflicted. The obstinate valour of the Campbells cost the lives of many brave men of the opposite party; and more were wounded, the chief of whom was the brave young Earl of Menteith, who had commanded the centre. He was but lightly touched however, and made rather a graceful than a terrible appearance when he presented to his general the standard of Argyle, which he had taken from the standard-bearer with his

own hand, and slain him in single combat. Montrose dearly loved his noble kinsman, in whom there was conspicuous a flash of the generous, romantic, disinterested chivalry of the old heroic times, entirely different from the mercenary, calculating, and selfish character which the practice of entertaining mercenary troops had introduced into most parts of Europe, and of which degeneracy Scotland, who furnished soldiers of fortune for the service of almost every nation, had been contaminated with a more than usual share. Montrose, whose native spirit was congenial, although experience had taught him how to avail himself of the motives of others, used to Menteith neither the language of praise nor of promise, but clasped him to his bosom as he exclaimed, "My gallant kinsman!" And by this burst of heartfelt applause was Menteith thrilled with a warmer glow of delight, than if his praises had been recorded in a report of the action sent directly to the throne of his sovereign.

"Nothing," he said, "my lord, now seems to remain in which I can render any assistance, permit me to look after a duty of humanity — the Knight of Ardenvoehr, as I am told, is our prisoner, and severely wounded."

“And well he deserves to be so,” said Sir Dugald Dalgetty, who came up to them at that moment with a prodigious addition of acquired importance, “since he shot my good horse at the moment that I was offering him honourable quarter, which, I must needs say, was done more like an ignorant Highland Cateran, who has not sense enough to erect a sconce for the protection of his old hurley-house of a castle, than like a soldier of worth and quality.”

“Are we to condole with you then,” said Lord Menteith, “upon the loss of the famed Gustavus?”

“Even so, my lord,” answered the soldier with a deep sigh, “*Diem clausit supremum*, as we said at the Mareschal College of Aberdeen. Better so than be smothered like a cadger’s poney in some flow-moss, or snow-wreath, which was like to be his fate if this winter campaign lasted longer. But it has pleased his Excellency (making an inclination to Montrose,) to supply his place by the gift of a noble steed, whom I have taken the freedom to name ‘*Loyalty’s Reward*,’ in memory of this celebrated occasion.”

“I hope,” said the Marquis, “you’ll find *Loyalty’s Reward*, since you call him so, practised

in all the duties of the field, — but I must just hint to you, that at this time, in Scotland, loyalty is more frequently rewarded with an halter, than with an horse.”

“A hem! your Excellency is pleased to be facetious. Loyalty’s Reward is as perfect as Gustavus in all his exercises, and of a far finer figure. Marry! his social qualities are less cultivated, in respect he has kept till now inferior company.”

“Not meaning his Excellency the General, I hope,” said Lord Menteith. “For shame, Sir Dugald!”

“My lord,” answered the Knight gravely, “I am incapable to mean anything so utterly misbecoming. What I asseverate is, that his Excellency having the same intercourse with his horse during his exercise, that he hath with his soldiers when training them, may form and break either to every feat of war which he chooses to practice, and accordingly that this noble charger is admirably managed. But as it is the intercourse of private life that formeth the social character, so I do not apprehend that of the single soldier to be much polished by the conversation of the corporal or the sergeant, or that of Loyalty’s Reward to have been much

dulcified, or ameliorated, by the society of his Excellency's grooms, who bestow more oaths, and kicks, and thumps, than kindness or caresses, upon the animals entrusted to their charge, whereby many a generous quadruped, rendered as it were misanthropic, manifests during the rest of his life a greater desire to kick and bite his master, than to love and to honour him."

"Spoken like an oracle," said Montrose. "Were there an academy for the education of horses to be annexed to the Mareschal College of Aberdeen, Sir Dugald Dalgetty alone should fill the chair."

"Because, being an ass," said Menteith, aside to the General, "there would be some distant relation between the professor and the students."

"And now, with your Excellency's permission," said the new-made Knight, "I am going to pay my last visit to the remains of my old companion in arms."

"Not with the purpose of going through the ceremonial of interment," said the Marquis, who did not know how far Sir Dugald's enthusiasm might lead him; "consider, our brave fellows themselves will have but a hasty burial."

"Your Excellency will pardon me," said Dalgetty; "my purpose is less romantic. I go to

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"Your Excellency will pardon me," said Dalgetty; "my purpose is less romantic. I go to

divide poor Gustavus's legacy with the fowls of heaven, leaving the flesh to them, and reserving to myself his hide; which, in token of affectionate remembrance, I purpose to form into a cassock and trowsers, after the Tartar fashion, to be worn under my armour, in respect my nether garments are at present shamefully the worse for the wear. Alas! poor Gustavus, why didst thou not live at least one hour more, to have borne the honoured weight of knighthood upon thy loins!"

He was now turning away, when the Marquis called after him, — "As you are not likely to be anticipated in this act of kindness, Sir Dugald, to your old friend and companion, I trust," said the Marquis, "you will first assist me, and our principal friends, to discuss some of Argyle's good cheer, of which we have found abundance in the Castle."

"Most willingly, please your Excellency," said Sir Dugald; "as meat and mass never hinderwork. Nor, indeed, am I afraid that the wolves or eagles will begin an onslaught on Gustavus to-night, in regard there is so much better cheer lying all around. — But," added he, "as I am to meet two honourable knights of England, with others of the knightly degree in your lordship's army, I pray it may be ex-

plained to them, that now, and in future, I claim precedence over them all, in respect of my rank as a Banneret, dubbed in a field of stricken battle."

"The devil confound him!" said Montrose, speaking aside; "he has contrived to set the kiln on fire as fast as I put it out. — This is a point, Sir Dugald," said he, gravely addressing him, "which I shall reserve for his Majesty's express consideration: in my camp, all must be upon equality, like the Knights of the Round Table; and take their places as soldiers should, upon the principle of, first come first served."

"Then I shall take care," said Menteith apart to the Marquis, "that Don Dugald is not first in place to day. — Sir Dugald," added he, raising his voice, "as you say your wardrobe is out of repair, had you not better go to the enemy's baggage yonder, over which there is a guard placed? I saw them take out an excellent buff suit, embroidered in front in silk and silver."

"*Voto a Dios!* as the Spaniard says," exclaimed the Major, "and some beggarly gilly may get it while I stand prating here."

The prospect of booty having at once driven out of his head both Gustavus and the provant,

he set spurs to Loyalty's Reward, and rode off through the field of battle.

“There goes the hound,” said Menteith, “breaking the face, and trampling on the body, of many a better man than himself; and as eager on his sordid spoil as a vulture that stoops upon carrion. Yet this man the world calls a soldier — and you, my lord, select him as worthy of the honours of chivalry, if such they can at this day be deemed. You have made the collar of knighthood the decoration of a mere blood-hound.”

“What can I do?” said Montrose. “I had no bones to give him, and I cannot follow the chase alone. Besides, the dog has good qualities.”

“If nature has given him such,” said Menteith, “habit has converted them into feelings of intense selfishness. He may be punctilious concerning his reputation, and brave in the execution of his duty, but it is only because without these qualities he cannot rise in service; — nay, his very benevolence is selfish; he may defend his companion while he kept his feet, but the instant he is down, Sir Dugald will be as ready to ease him of his purse, as he is to convert the skin of Gustavus into a buff jerkin.”

„And yet, if all this were true, cousin,” answered Montrose, „there is something convenient in commanding a soldier, upon whose motives and springs of action you can calculate to mathematical certainty. A fine spirit like yours, my cousin, alive to a thousand sensations to which this man’s is as impervious as his corslet, — it is for them that thy friend must feel, while he gives his advice.” Then, suddenly changing his tone, he asked Menteith when he had seen Annot Lyle.

The young Earl coloured deeply, and answered, „Not since last evening, — excepting,” he added, with hesitation, „for one moment, about half an hour before the battle began.”

„My dear Menteith,” said Montrose very kindly, „were you one of the gay cavaliers of Whitehall, who are, in their way, as great self-seekers as our friend Dalgetty, should I need to plague you with enquiring into such an amourette as this! it would be an intrigue only to be laughed at. But this is the land of enchantment, where nets strong as steel are wrought out of ladies’ tresses, and you are exactly the destined knight to be so fettered. This poor girl is exquisitely beautiful, and has talents formed to captivate your romantic temper. —

You cannot think of injuring her — you *cannot* think of marrying her? “

“My lord,” replied Menteith, “you have repeatedly urged this jest, for so I trust it is meant, somewhat beyond bounds. Annot Lyle is of unknown birth, — a captive, — the daughter, probably, of some obscure outlaw; a dependant on the hospitality of the M‘Aulays.”

“Do not be angry, Menteith,” said the Marquis, interrupting him; “you love the classics, though not educated at Mareschal College; and you may remember how many gallant hearts captive beauty has subdued: —

*Movit Ajacem Telamone natum,
Forma captivæ, dominum, Tecmessæ. —*

In a word, I am seriously anxious about this — I should not have time perhaps,” he said very gravely, “to trouble you with my lectures on the subject, were your feelings, and those of Annot, alone interested; but you have a dangerous rival in Allan M‘Aulay; and there is no knowing to what extent he may carry his resentment. It is my duty to tell you that the King’s service may be much prejudiced by dissensions betwixt you.”

“My lord,” said Menteith, “I know what you mean is kind and friendly; I hope you will be satisfied when I assure you, that Allan M’Aulay and I have discussed this circumstance; and that I have explained to him, that it is utterly remote from my character to entertain dishonourable views concerning this unprotected female; so, on the other hand, the obscurity of her birth prevents my thinking of her upon other terms. I will not disguise from your lordship, what I have not disguised from M’Aulay, — that if Annot Lyle were born a lady, she should share my name and rank; as matters stand, it is impossible. This explanation, I trust, will satisfy your lordship, as it has satisfied a less reasonable person.” Montrose shrugged his shoulders.

“And like true champions in romance,” he said, “you have agreed, that you are both to worship the same mistress, as idolators do the same image, and that neither shall extend his pretensions further.”

“I did not go so far, my lord,” answered Menteith — “I only said in the present circumstances, — and there is no prospect of their being changed, — I could, in duty to myself and family, stand in no relation to Annot Lyle, but as that of friend or brother — but your

lordship must excuse me; I have," said he, looking at his arm, round which he had tied his handkerchief, "a slight hurt to attend to."

"A wound," said Montrose, anxiously; "let me see it. — Alas!" he said, "I should have heard nothing of this, had I not ventured to tent and sound another more secret and more rankling one. Menteith, I am sorry for you — I too have known — but what avails it to awake sorrows which have long slumbered?"

So saying, he shook hands with his noble kinsman, and walked into the castle.

Annot Lyle, as was not unusual for females in the Highlands, was possessed of a slight degree of medical and even surgical skill. It may readily be believed that the profession of surgery, or medicine, as a separate art, was unknown, and the few rude rules which they observed were intrusted to women, or to the aged, whom constant casualties afforded too much opportunity of acquiring experience. The care and attention, accordingly, of Annot Lyle, her attendants, and others acting under her direction, had made her services extremely useful during this wild campaign. And most readily had these services been rendered to friend and foe, wherever they could be most useful. She was

now in an apartment of the castle, anxiously superintending the preparation of vulnerary herbs, to be applied to the wounded; receiving reports from different females respecting those under their separate charge, and distributing what means she had for their relief, when Allan McAulay suddenly entered the apartment. She started, for she had heard that he had left the camp upon a distant mission; and, however accustomed she was to the gloom of his countenance, it seemed at present to have even a darker shade than usual. He stood before her perfectly silent, and she felt the necessity of being the first to speak.

“I thought,” she said, with some effort, “you had already set out.”

“My companion awaits me,” said Allan; “I go instantly.”

Yet still he stood before her, and held her by the arm, with a pressure which, though insufficient to give her pain, made her sensible of his great personal strength, his hand closing on her like the gripe of a manacle.

“Shall I take the harp?” she said, in a timid voice; “is — is the shadow falling upon you?”

Instead of replying, he led her to the window of the apartment, which commanded a view of the field of the slain, with all its horrors. It was thick spread with dead and wounded, and the spoilers were busy tearing the clothes from the victims of war and feudal ambition, with as much indifference as if they had not been of the same species, and themselves exposed, perhaps, to-morrow to the same fate.

“Does the sight please you?” said M‘Aulay.

“It is hideous,” said Annot, covering her eyes with her hands; “How can you bid me look upon it?”

“You must be enured to it,” said he, “if you remain with this destined host — you will soon have to search such a field for my brother’s corpse — for Menteith’s — for mine — but that will be a more indifferent task — You do not love me!”

“This is the first time you have taxed me with unkindness,” said Annot, weeping. “You are my brother — my preserver — my protector — and can I then but love you? But your hour of darkness is approaching, let me fetch my harp! — —”

“Remain,” said Allan, still holding her fast; “be my visions from heaven or hell, or from

the middle sphere of disembodied spirits — or be they, as the Saxons hold, but the delusions of an overheated fancy, they do not now influence me; I speak the language of the natural, of the visible world. — You love not me, Annot — you love Menteith — by him you are beloved again, and Allan is no more to you than one of the corpses which encumber yonder heath.”

It cannot be supposed that this strange speech conveyed any new information to her who was thus addressed. No woman ever lived who could not in the same circumstances have discerned long since the state of her lover's mind. But by thus suddenly tearing off the veil, thin as it was, Allan prepared her to expect consequences violent in proportion to the enthusiasm of his character. She made an effort to repel the charge he had stated.

“You forget,” she said, “your own worth and nobleness when you insult so very helpless a being, and one whom fate has thrown so totally into your power. You know who and what I am, and how impossible it is that Menteith or you can use language of affection to me, beyond that of friendship. You know from what unhappy race I have too probably derived my existence.”

“I will not believe it,” said Allan, impetuously; “never flowed crystal drop from a polluted spring.”

“Yet the very doubt,” pleaded Annot, “should make you forbear to use this language to me.”

“I know,” said M‘Aulay, “it places a bar between us — but I know also that it divides you not so inseparably from Menteith. — Hear me, my beloved Annot! — leave this scene of terrors and danger — go with me to Kintail — I will place you in the house of the noble Lady of Seaforth — or you shall be removed in safety to Icolmkill, where some women yet devote themselves to the worship of God, after the custom of our ancestors.”

“You consider not what you ask of me,” replied Annot; “to undertake such a journey under your sole guardianship, were to shew me less scrupulous than maiden ought. I will remain here, Allan — here under the protection of the noble Montrose; and when his motions next approach the Lowlands, I will contrive some proper means to relieve you of one, who has, she knows not how, become an object of dislike to you.”

Allan stood as if uncertain whether to give way to sympathy with her distress, or to anger at her resistance.

“Annot,” he said, “you know too well how little your words apply to my feelings towards you — but you avail yourself of your power, and you rejoice in my departure, as removing a spy upon your intercourse with Menteith. But beware both of you,” he added, in a stern tone; “for when was it ever heard that an injury was offered to Allan M’Aulay, for which he exacted not tenfold vengeance!”

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CHAPTER XXI.

——— *After you're gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart, and search'd
What stirr'd it so. — Alas! I found it love.
Yet far from lust, for could I but have lived
In presence of you, I had had my end.*

Philaster.

ANNO LYLE had now to contemplate the terrible gulph which Allan M'Aulay's open declaration of love and jealousy had made to open around her. It seemed as if she was tottering on the very brink of destruction, and was at once deprived of every refuge, and of all human assistance. She had long been conscious that she loved Menteith dearer than a brother; indeed, how could it be otherwise, considering their early intimacy, — the personal merit of the young nobleman, — his assiduous attentions,

— and his infinite superiority in gentleness of disposition, and grace of manners, over the race of rude warriors with whom she lived? But her affection was of that quiet, timid, meditative character, which sought rather a reflected share in the happiness of the beloved object, than formed more presumptuous or daring hopes. A little Gaelic song, in which she expressed her feelings, has been translated by the ingenious and unhappy Alexander M'Donald; and we willingly transcribe the lines: —

Wer't thou, like me, in life's low vale,
 With thee how blest, that lot I'd share;
 With thee I'd fly wherever gale
 Could waft, or bounding galley bear.
 But parted by severe decree,
 Far different must our fortunes prove;
 May thine be joy — enough for me
 To weep and pray for him I love.

The pangs this foolish heart must feel,
 When hope shall be for ever flown,
 No sullen murmur shall reveal,
 No selfish murmurs ever own.
 Nor will I through life's weary years,
 Like a pale drooping mourner move,

While I can think my secret tears
May wound the heart of him I love.

The furious declaration of Allan had destroyed the romantic plan which she had formed, of nursing in secret her pensive tenderness, without seeking any other requital. Long before this, she had dreaded Allan, as much as gratitude, and a sense that he softened towards her a temper so haughty and so violent, could permit her to do; but now she regarded him with unalloyed terror, which a perfect knowledge of his disposition, and of his preceding history, too well authorised her to entertain. Whatever was in other respects the nobleness of his disposition, he had never been known to resist the wilfulness of passion, — he walked in the house, and in the country of his fathers, like a tamed lion, whom no one dared to contradict, lest they should awaken his natural vehemence of passion. So many years had elapsed since he had experienced contradiction, or even expostulation, that probably nothing but the strong good sense, which, on all points, his mysticism excepted, formed the ground of his character, prevented his proving an annoyance and terror to the whole neighbourhood. But Annot had no time

to dwell upon her fears, being interrupted by the entrance of Sir Dugald Dalgetty.

It may well be supposed, that the scenes in which this person had passed his former life, had not much calculated him to shine in female society. He himself felt a sort of consciousness that the language of the barrack, guard-room, and parade, was not proper to entertain ladies. The only peaceful part of his life had been spent at Mareschal College, Aberdeen; and he had forgot the little he had learned there, except the arts of darning his own hose, and dispatching his commons with unusual celerity, both which arts had since been kept in good exercise by the necessity of frequent practice. Still it was from an imperfect recollection of what he had acquired during this pacific period, that he drew his sources of conversation when in company with women; in other words, his language became pedantic when it ceased to be military.

“Mistress Annot Lyle,” said he, upon the present occasion, “I am just now like the half-pike, or spontoon of Achilles, one end of which could wound, and the other cure — a property belonging neither to Spanish pike, brown-bill, partizan, halbert, Lochaber-axe, or any other modern staff weapon whatever.”

This compliment he repeated twice; but as Annot scarce heard him the first time, and did not comprehend him the second, he was obliged to explain.

“I mean,” he said, “Mistress Annot Lyle, that having been the means of an honourable knight receiving a severe wound in this day’s conflict, — he having pistolled, somewhat against the law of arms, my horse, which was named after the immortal King of Sweden — I am desirous of procuring him such solacement as you, madam, can supply, you being like the heathen god Esculapius, (meaning possibly Apollo,) skilful not only in song and in music, but in the more noble art of chirurgery — *opi-ferque per orbem dicor*.”

“If you would have the goodness to explain,” said Annot, too sick at heart to be amused by Sir Dugald’s airs of pedantic gallantry.

“That, madam,” replied the knight, “may not be so easy, as I am out of the habit of construing — but we shall try. *Dicor*, supply *ego* — I am called. — *Opifer*? *opifer*? — I remember *signifer* and *furcifer* — but I believe *opifer* stands in this place for M. D., that is Doctor of Physic.”

“This is a busy day with us all,” said Annot; “will you say at once what you want with me?”

“Merely,” replied Sir Dugald, “that you will visit my brother knight, and let your maiden bring some medicaments for his wound, which threatens to be what the learned call a *damnum fatale*.”

Annot Lyle never lingered in the cause of humanity. She informed herself hastily of the nature of the injury, and interesting herself for the dignified old chief whom she had seen at Darlinvarach, and whose presence had so much struck her, she hastened to lose the sense of her own sorrow for a time, in the attempt to be useful to another.

Sir Dugald with great form ushered Annot Lyle to the chamber of her patient, in which, to her surprise, she found Lord Menteith. She could not help blushing deeply at the meeting, but to hide her confusion, proceeded instantly to examine the wound of the Knight of Ardenvohr, and easily satisfied herself that it was beyond her skill to cure it; as for Sir Dugald, he returned to a large out-house, on the floor of which, among other wounded men, was deposited the person of Ranald of the Mist.

“Mine old friend,” said the Knight, “as I told you before, I would willingly do anything to pleasure you, in return for the wound you have received, while under my safe conduct. I have, therefore, according to your earnest request, sent Mrs Annot Lyle to attend upon the wound of the Knight of Ardenvoehr, though wherein her doing so should benefit you, I cannot imagine. — I think you once spoke of some blood relationship between them; but a soldier, in command and charge like me, has other things to trouble his head with than Highland genealogies.”

And indeed, to do the worthy Major justice, he never enquired after, listened to, or recollected the business of other people, unless it either related to the art military, or was somehow or other connected with his own interest, in either of which cases his memory was very tenacious.

“And now, my good friend of the Mist,” said he, “can you tell me what has become of your hopeful grandson, as I have not seen him since he assisted me to disarm after the action, a negligence which deserveth the strapado.”

“He is not far from hence,” said the wounded outlaw — “lift not your hand upon him, for

he is man enough to pay a yard of leathern scourge with a foot of tempered steel."

"A most improper vaunt," said Sir Dugald; "but I owe you some favours, Ranald, and therefore shall let it pass."

"And if you think you owe me anything," said the outlaw, "it is in your power to requite me by granting me a boon."

"Friend Ranald," answered Dalgetty, "I have read of these boons in silly storybooks, whereby simple knights were drawn into engagements to their great prejudice; wherefore, Ranald, the more prudent knights of this day never promise anything until they know that they may keep their word anent the premises, without any displeasure or incommodement to themselves. It may be, you would have me engage the female chirurgeon to visit your wound; though you ought to consider, Ranald, that the uncleanness of the place where you are deposited may somewhat soil the gaiety of her garments, concerning the preservation of which, you may have observed, women are apt to be inordinately solicitous. I lost the favour of the lady of the Grand Pensionary of Amsterdam, by touching with the sole of my boot the train of her black velvet gown, which I mistook for a foot-

cloth, it being half the room distant from her person."

"It is not to bring Annot Lyle hither," answered MacEagh, "but to transport me into the room where she is in attendance up on the Knight of Ardenvoehr. Somewhat I have to say of the last consequence to them both."

"It is something out of the order of due precedence," said Dalgetty, "to carry a wounded outlaw into the presence of a knight; knight-hood having been of yore, and being, in some respects, still, the highest military grade, independent always of commissioned officers, who rank according to their patents; nevertheless, as your boon, as you call it, is so slight, I shall not deny compliance with the same." So saying, he ordered three files of men to transport MacEagh on their shoulders to Sir Duncan Campbell's apartment, and he himself hastened before to announce the cause of his being brought there. But such was the activity of the soldiers employed, that they followed him close at the heels, and, entering with their ghastly burthen, laid MacEagh on the floor of the apartment. His features, naturally wild, were now distorted by pain; his hands and scanty garments stained with his own blood, and those of others, which no kind hand had wiped away, although the

wound in his side had been secured by a bandage.

“Are you,” he said, raising his head painfully towards the couch where lay stretched his late atagonist, “he whom men call the Knight of Ardenvohr?”

“The same,” answered Sir Duncan, — “what would you with one whose hours are now numbered?”

“My hours are reduced to minutes,” said the outlaw; “the more grace, if I bestow them in the service of one, whose hand has ever been against me, as mine has been raised higher against him.”

“Thine higher against me! — Crushed worm!” said the knight, looking down on his miserable adversary.

“Yes,” answered the outlaw, in a firm voice, “my arm hath been highest; the wounds I have dealt have been deepest, though thine have neither been idle nor unfelt. — I am Ranald MacEagh — I am Ranald of the Mist — the night that I gave thy castle to the winds in one huge blaze of fire, is now matched with the day in which you have fallen under the sword of my fathers. — Remember the injuries thou hast

done our tribe — never were such inflicted, save by *one*, beside thee. He, they say, is fated and secure against our vengeance — a short time will shew."

"My Lord Meinteith," said Sir Duncan, raising himself out of his bed, "this is a proclaimed villain, at once the enemy of King and Parliament, of God and man — one of the outlawed banditti of the Mist; alike the enemy of your house, of the M' Aulays, and of mine. I trust you will not suffer moments, which are perhaps my last, to be embittered by his barbarous triumph."

"He shall have the treatment he merits," said Menteith; "let him be instantly removed." —

Sir Dugald here interposed, and spoke of Rannald's services as a guide, and his own pledge for his safety; but the high harsh tones of the outlaw drowned his voice.

"No," said he, "be rack and gibbet the word; let me wither between heaven and earth, and gorge the hawks and eagles of Ben Nevis; and so shall this haughty Knight, and this triumphant Thane, never learn the secret I alone can impart; a secret which would make Ardenvoehr's heart leap with joy, were he in the death agony,

and which the Earl of Menteith would purchase at the price of his broad earldom. — Come hither, Annot Lyle," he said, raising himself with unexpected strength; "fear not the sight of him to whom thou hast clung in infancy. Tell these proud men, who disdain thee as the issue of mine ancient race, that thou art no blood of ours — no daughter of the race of the Mist, but born in halls as lordly, and cradled on couch as soft, as ever soothed infancy in their proudest palaces."

"In the name of God," said Menteith, trembling with emotion, "if you know aught of the birth of this lady, do thy conscience the justice to disburden it of the secret before departing from this world!"

"And bless my enemies with my dying breath?" said MacEagh, looking at him malignantly. — "Such are the maxims your priests preach — but when, or towards whom, do you practice them? Let me know first the worth of my secret ere I part with it — What would you give, Knight of Ardenvoehr, to know that your superstitious fasts have been vain, and that there still remains a descendant of your house? — I pause for an answer — without it, I speak not one word more."

“I could,” said Sir Duncan, his voice struggling between the emotions of doubt, hatred, and anxiety — “I could — but that I know thy race are like the Great Enemy, liars and murderers from the beginning — but could it be true thou tellest me, I could almost forgive thee the injuries thou hast done me.”

“Hear it!” said Ranald; “he hath wagered deeply for a son of Diarmid — And you, gentle Thane — the report of the camp says, that you would purchase with life and lands the tidings that Annot Lyle was no daughter of proscription, but of a race noble in your estimation as your own — Well — It is for no love I tell you — The time has been that I would have exchanged this secret against liberty, I am now bartering it for what is dearer than liberty or life. — Annot Lyle is the youngest, the sole surviving child of the Knight of Ardenvoehr, who alone was saved when all in his halls besides was given to blood and ashes.”

“Can this man speak truth?” said Annot Lyle, scarce knowing what she said; “or is this some strange delusion?”

“Maiden,” replied Ranald, “hadst thou dwelt longer with us, thou wouldst have better learnt to know to distinguish the accents of truth. To

that Saxon lord, and to the Knight of Arden-vohr, I will yield such proofs of what I have spoken, that incredulity shall stand convinced. Meantime withdraw — I loved thine infancy, I hate not thy youth — no eye hates the rose in its blossom, though it groweth upon a thorn, and for thee only do I something regret what is soon to follow. But he that would avenge him of his foe must not reck though the guiltless be engaged in the ruin.”

“He advises well, Annot,” said Lord Menteith; “in God’s name retire! if — if there be aught in this, your meeting with Sir Duncan must be more prepared for both your sakes.”

“I will not part from my father, if I have found one!” said Annot — “I will not part from him under circumstances so terrible.”

“And a father you shall ever find in me,” murmured Sir Duncan.

“Then,” said Menteith, “I will have MacEagh removed into an adjacent apartment, and will collect the evidence of his tale myself. Sir Dugald Dalgetty will give me his attendance and assistance.”

“With pleasure, my lord,” answered Sir Dugald. — “I will be your consessor, or assessor,

— either or both. No one can be so fit, for I had heard the whole story a month ago at Inverara castle — but onslaughts like that of Ardenvohr confuse each other in my memory, which is besides occupied with matters of more importance.”

Upon hearing this frank declaration, which was made as they left the apartment with the wounded man, Lord Menteith darted upon Dalgetty a look of extreme anger and disdain, to which the self-conceit of the worthy commander rendered him totally insensible.

CHAPTER XXII.

*I am as free as nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.*

Conquest of Granada.

THE Earl of Menteith as he had undertaken, so he proceeded to investigate more closely the story told by Ranald of the Mist, which was corroborated by the examination of his two followers, who had assisted in the capacity of guides. These declarations he carefully compared with such circumstances concerning the destruction of his castle and family as Sir Duncan Campbell was able to supply; and it may be supposed he had forgotten nothing relating to an event of such terrific importance. It was of the last consequence to prove that this was

no invention of the outlaw's, for the purpose of passing an impostor as the child and heiress of Ardenvoehr.

Perhaps Menteith, so much interested in believing the tale, was not altogether the fittest person to be entrusted with the investigation of its truth; but the examinations of the Children of the Mist were simple, accurate, and in all respects consistent with each other. A personal mark was referred to, which was known to have been borne by the infant child of Sir Duncan, and which appeared on the left shoulder of Annot Lyle. It was also well remembered, that when the miserable relics of the other children had been collected, those of the infant had no where been found. Other circumstances of evidence, which it is unnecessary to quote, brought the fullest conviction not only to Menteith, but to the unprejudiced mind of Montrose, that in Annot Lyle, a humble dependant, distinguished only by beauty and talent, they were in future to respect the heiress of Ardenvoehr.

While Menteith hastened to communicate the result of these enquiries to the persons most interested, the outlaw demanded to speak with his grandchild, whom he usually called his son.

“He would be found,” he said, “in the outer apartment, in which he himself had been originally deposited.”

Accordingly, the young savage, after a close search, was found lurking in a corner, coiled up among some rotten straw, and brought to his grandsire.

“Kenneth,” said the old outlaw, “hear the last words of the sire of thy father. A Saxon soldier, and Allan of the Red-hand, left this camp within these few hours, to travel to the country of Caberfae. Pursue them as the bloodhound pursues the hurt deer — swim the lake — climb the mountain — thread the forest — tarry not until you join them;” and then the countenance of the lad darkened as his grandfather spoke, and he laid his hand upon a knife which stuck in the thong of leather which confined his scanty plaid. “No,” said the old man, “it is not by thy hand he must fall. They will ask the news from the camp — say to them that Annot Lyle of the Harp is discovered to be the daughter of Duncan of Ardenvoehr; that the Thane of Menteith is to wed her before the priest; and that you are sent to bid guests to the bridal. Tarry not their answer, but vanish like the lightning when the black cloud swallows it. — And now depart, beloved son of my best beloved!

I shall never more see thy face, nor hear the light sound of thy footstep — yet tarry an instant and hear my last charge — remember the fate of our race, and quit not the ancient manners of the Children of the Mist. We are now a straggling handful, driven from every vale by the sword of every clan, who rule in the possessions where their forefathers hewed the wood, and drew the water to ours. But in the thicket of the wilderness, and in the mist of the mountain, Kenneth, son of Erorcht, keep thou unsoil'd the freedom which I leave thee as a birth-right. Barter it not neither for the rich garment, nor for the stone roof, nor for the covered board, nor for the couch of down — on the rock, or in the valley, in abundance or in famine — in the leafy summer, and in the days of the iron winter — Son of the Mist! be free as thy forefathers. Own no lord — receive no law — take no hire — give no stipend — build no hut — inclose no pasture — sow no grain; — let the deer of the mountain be thy flocks and herds — if these fail thee, prey upon the goods of our oppressors — of the Saxons, and of the Gael who are Saxons in their souls, valuing herds and flocks more than honour and freedom. Well for us that they do so — it affords the broader scope for our revenge. Remember those who have done

kindness to our race, and pay their services with thy blood, should the hour require it. If a Maclan shall come to thee with the head of the king's son in his hand, shelter him, though the avenging army of the father were behind him; for in Glencoe and Ardnamurchan, we have dwelt in peace in the years that have gone by. The sons of Diarmid — the race of Darnlinvarach — the riders of Menteith — my curse on thy head, Child of the Mist, if thou spare one of those names, when the time shall offer for cutting them off! and it will come anon, for their own swords shall devour each other, and those who are scattered shall fly to the Mist, and perish by its Children. Once more, begone — shake the dust from thy feet against the habitations of men, whether banded together for peace or for war. Farewell, beloved! and may'st thou die like thy forefathers, ere infirmity, disease, or age shall break thy spirit — begone! — begone! — live free — requite kindness — avenge the injuries of thy race."

The young savage stooped and kissed the brow of his dying parent; but accustomed from infancy to suppress every exterior sign of emotion, he parted without tear or adieu, and was soon far beyond the limits of Montrose's camp.

Sir Dugald Dalgetty, who was present during the latter part of this scene, was very little edified by the conduct of MacEagh upon the occasion. «I cannot think, my friend Ranald,” said he, «that you are in the best possible road for a dying man. Storms, onslaughts, massacres, the burning of suburbs, are a soldier’s daily work, and are justified by the necessity of the case, seeing that they are done in the course of duty; for burning of suburbs, in particular, it may be said that they are traitors and cut-throats to all fortified towns. Hence it is plain, that a soldier is a profession peculiarly favoured by Heaven, seeing that we may hope for salvation, although we daily commit actions of so great violence. But then, Ranald, in all services of Europe, it is the custom of the dying soldier not to vaunt him of such doings, or to recommend them to his fellows; but, on the contrary, to express contrition for the same, and to repeat, or have repeated to him, some comfortable prayer; which, if you please, I will intercede with his Excellency’s chaplain to prefer on your account. It is otherwise no point of my duty to put you in mind of those things; only it may be for the ease of your conscience to depart more like a Christian, and less like a Turk, than you seem to be in a fair way of doing.”

The only answer of the dying man — (for as such Ranald MacEagh might now be considered) — was a request to be raised to such a position that he might obtain a view from the window of the Castle. The deep frost mist which had long settled upon the top of the mountains, was now rolling down each rugged glen and gully, where the craggy ridges shewed their black and irregular outline, like desert islands rising above the ocean of vapour. "Spirit of the Mist!" said Ranald MacEagh, "called by our race our father, and our preserver — receive into the tabernacle of clouds, when this pang is over, him whom in life thou hast so often sheltered." So saying, he sunk back into the arms of those who upheld him, spoke no further word, but turned his face to the wall for a short space.

"I believe," said Dalgetty, "my friend Ranald will be found in his heart to be little better than a heathen." And he renewed his proposal to procure him the assistance of Dr Wishheart, Montrose's military chaplain; "a man," said Sir Dugald, "very clever in his exercise, and who will do execution on your sins in less time than I could smoke a pipe of tobacco."

"Saxon," said the dying man, "speak to me no more of thy priest — I die contented."

Hadst thou ever an enemy against whom weapons were of no avail — whom the ball missed, and against whom the arrow shivered, — and whose bare skin was as impenetrable to sword and dirk as thy steel garment? — Heardst thou ever of such a foe?"

"Very frequently, when I served in Germany," replied Sir Dugald. "There was such a fellow at Ingolstadt; he was proof both against lead and steel. The soldiers killed him with the butts of their muskets."

"This impassible foe," said Ranald, without regarding the Major's interruption, "who has the blood dearest to me upon his hands — to this man I have now bequeathed agony of mind, jealousy, despair, and sudden death, — or a life more miserable than death itself. Such shall be the lot of Allan of the Red-hand, when he learns that Annot weds Menteith; and I ask no more than the certainty that it is so, to sweeten my own bloody end by his hand."

"If that be the case," said the Major, "there's no more to be said; but I shall take care as few people see you as possible, for I cannot think your mode of departure can be at all creditable or exemplary to a Christian army."

So saying, he left the apartment, and the son of the Mist soon after breathed his last.

Menteith, in the meanwhile, leaving the new-found relations to their mutual feelings of mingled emotion, was eagerly discussing with Montrose the consequences of this discovery. „I should now see,” said the Marquis, „even had I not before observed that your interest in this discovery, my dear Menteith, has no small reference to your own happiness. You love this new-found lady, — your affection is returned. In point of birth, no exceptions can be made; in every other respect, her advantages are equal to those which you yourself possess — think, however, a moment. Sir Duncan is a fanatic — Presbyterian at least — in arms against the King; he is only with us in the quality of a prisoner, and we are, I fear, but at the commencement of a long civil war. Is this a time, think you, Menteith, for you to make proposals for his heiress? Or what chance is there that he will now listen to it?”

Passion, an ingenious, as well as an eloquent advocate, supplied the young nobleman with a thousand answers to these objections. He reminded Montrose that the Knight of Ardenvohr was neither a bigot in politics nor religion. He

urged his own known and proved zeal for the royal cause, and hinted that its influence might be extended and strengthened by his wedding the heiress of Ardenvoehr. He pleaded the dangerous state of Sir Duncan's wound, the risk which must be run by suffering the young lady to be carried into the country of the Campbells, where, in case of her father's death, or continued indisposition, she must necessarily be placed under the guardianship of Argyle, an event fatal to his (Menteith's) hopes, unless he could stoop to purchase his favour by abandoning the King's party.

Montrose allowed the force of these arguments, and owned, although the matter was attended with difficulty, yet it seemed consistent with the King's service that it should be concluded as speedily as possible.

“I could wish,” said he, “that it were all settled in one way or another, and that this fair Briseis were removed from our camp before the return of our Achilles, Allan M'Aulay. — I fear some fatal feud in that quarter, Menteith — and I believe it would be best that Sir Duncan be dismissed on his parole, and that you accompany him and his daughter as his escort. The journey can be made chiefly by water, so

will not greatly incommode his wound — and your own, my friend, will be an honourable excuse for the absence of some time from my camp.”

“Never,” said Menteith. “Were I to forfeit the very hope that has so lately dawned upon me, never will I leave your Excellency’s camp while the royal standard is displayed. I should deserve that this trifling scratch should gangrene and consume my sword arm, were I capable of holding it as an excuse for absence at this crisis of the King’s affairs.”

“On this then you are determined?” said Montrose.

“As fixed as Ben-Nevis,” said the young nobleman.

“You must then,” said Montrose, “lose no time in seeking an explanation with the Knight of Ardenvoehr. If this prove favourable, I will talk myself with the elder M’Aulay, and we will devise means to employ his brother at a distance from the army until he shall be reconciled to his present disappointment. Would to God some vision would descend upon his imagination fair enough to obliterate all traces of Annot Lyle! That perhaps you think impossible,

Menteith? — Well, each to his service; you to that of Cupid, and I to that of Mars.”

They parted, and in pursuance of the scheme arranged, Menteith, early on the ensuing morning, sought a private interview with the wounded Knight of Ardenvohr, and communicated to him his suit for the hand of his daughter. Of their mutual attachment Sir Duncan was aware, but he was not prepared for so early a declaration on the part of Menteith. He said, at first, that he had already, perhaps, indulged too much in feelings of personal happiness, at a time when his clan had sustained so great a loss and humiliation, and that he was unwilling, therefore, farther to consider the advancement of his own house at a period so calamitous. On the more urgent suit of the noble lover, he requested a few hours to deliberate and consult with his daughter upon a question so highly important.

The result of this interview and deliberation was favourable to Menteith. Sir Duncan Campbell became fully sensible that the happiness of his new-found daughter depended upon a union with her lover; and unless such was now formed, he saw that Argyle would throw a thousand obstacles in the way of a match in every respect acceptable to himself. Menteith's private cha-

racter was so excellent, and such was the rank and consideration due to his fortune and family, that they out-balanced, in Sir Duncan's opinion, the difference in their political opinions. Nor could he have resolved, perhaps, had his own opinion of the match been less favourable, to decline an opportunity of indulging the new-found child of his hopes. There was, besides, a feeling of pride which dictated his determination. To produce the Heiress of Ardenvoehr to the world as one who had been educated a poor dependant and musician in the family of Darnlinvarach, had something in it that was humiliating. To introduce her as the betrothed bride, or wedded wife, of the Earl of Menteith, upon an attachment formed during her obscurity, was a warrant to the world that she had at all times been worthy of the rank to which she was elevated.

It was under the influence of these considerations that Sir Duncan Campbell announced to the lovers his consent that they should be married in the chapel of the Castle, by Montrose's chaplain, and as privately as possible. But when Montrose should break up from Inverloch, for which orders were expected in the course of a very few days, it was agreed that the young Countess should depart with her fa-

ther to his castle, and remain there until the circumstances of the nation permitted Menteith to retire with honour from his present military employment. His resolution being once taken, Sir Duncan Campbell would not permit the maidenly scruples of his daughter to delay its execution; and it was therefore resolved that the bridal should take place upon the next evening, being the second after the battle.

should have no objection that my brother Allan tried his chance," added he, "notwithstanding that Sir Duncan Campbell was the only man who ever charged Darlinvarach with inhospitality. Annot Lyle could always charm Allan out of the sullens, and who knows whether matrimony might not make him more a man of this world?"

Montrose hastened to interrupt the progress of his castle-building, by informing him that the lady was already wooed and won, and, with her father's approbation, was almost immediately to be wedded to his kinsman, the Earl of Menteith; and that, in testimony of the high respect due to M'Aulay, so long the lady's protector, he was now to request his presence at the ceremony. M'Aulay looked very grave at this intimation, and drew up his person with the air of one who thought that he had been neglected.

"He conceived," he said, "that his uniform kind treatment of the young lady, while so many years under his roof, required something more upon such an occasion than a bare compliment of ceremony. He might," he thought, "without arrogance, have expected to have been consulted. He wished his kinsman of Menteith well, no man could wish him better, but he must

say he thought he had been hasty in this matter. Allan's sentiments towards the young lady had been pretty well understood, and he, for one, could not see why the superior pretensions which he had upon her gratitude should have been set aside, without at least undergoing some previous discussion."

Montrose, seeing too well where all this pointed, entreated M'Aulay to be reasonable, and to consider what probability there was that the Knight of Ardenvohr could be brought to confer the hand of his sole heiress upon Allan, whose undeniable excellent qualities were mingled with others, by which they were overclouded in a manner that made all tremble who approached him.

"My lord," said Angus M'Aulay, "my brother Allan has, as God made us all, faults as well as merits; but he is the best and bravest man of your army, be the other who he may, and therefore ill deserved that his happiness should have been so little consulted by your Excellence — by his own near kinsman — and by a young person who owes all to him and to his family."

Montrose in vain endeavoured to place the subject in a different view; this was the point

in which Angus was determined to regard it, and he was a man of that calibre of understanding, who is incapable of being convinced when he has once adopted a prejudice. Montrose now assumed a higher tone, and called upon Angus to take care how he nourished any sentiments which might be prejudicial to his Majesty's service. He pointed out to him, that he was peculiarly desirous that Allan's efforts should not be interrupted in the course of his present mission. "A mission," he said, "highly honourable for himself, and likely to prove most advantageous to the King's cause. He expected his brother would hold no communication with him upon other subjects, nor stir up any cause of dissension, which might divert his mind from a matter of such importance."

Angus answered somewhat sulkily, that "he was no make-bate, or stirrer up of quarrels; he would rather be a peacemaker. His brother knew as well as most men how to resent his own quarrels — as for Allan's mode of receiving information, it was generally believed he had other sources than those of ordinary couriers. He should not be surprised if they saw him sooner than they expected."

A promise that he would not interfere, was the farthest to which Montrose could bring this

man, thoroughly good-tempered as he was on all occasions, save when his pride, interest, or prejudices were interfered with. And at this point he was fain to leave the matter for the present.

A more willing guest at the bridal ceremony, certainly a more willing attendant at the marriage feast, was to be expected in Sir Dugald Dalgetty, whom Montrose resolved to invite, as having been a confidant to the circumstances which preceded it. But even Sir Dugald hesitated, looked on the elbows of his doublet, and the knees of his leather breeches, and mumbled out a sort of reluctant acquiescence in the invitation, providing he should find it possible, after consulting with the noble bridegroom. Montrose was somewhat surprised, but scorning to testify displeasure, he left Sir Dugald to pursue his own course.

This carried him instantly to the chamber of the bridegroom, who, amidst the scanty wardrobe which his camp equipage afforded, was seeking for such articles as might appear to the best advantage upon the approaching occasion. Sir Dugald entered, and paid his compliments, with a very grave face, upon his approaching happiness, which, he said, "he was very sorry he was prevented from witnessing."

“In plain truth,” said he, “I should but disgrace the ceremony, seeing that I lack a bridal garment; rents, and open seams, and tatters at elbows in the apparel of the assistants, might presage a similar solution of continuity in your matrimonial happiness — and to say truth, my lord, you yourself must partly have the blame of this disappointment, in respect you sent me upon a fool’s errand to get a buff-coat out of the booty taken by the Camerons, whereas you might as well have sent me to fetch a pound of fresh butter out of a black dog’s throat. I had no answer, my lord, but brandished dirks and broad-swords, and a sort of growling and jabbering in what they call their language; for my part, I believe these Highlanders to be no better than absolute pagans, and have been much scandalized by the manner in which my acquaintance, Ranald MacEagh, was pleased to beat his final march, a little while since.”

In Menteith’s state of mind, disposed to be pleased with every thing, and every body, the grave complaint of Sir Dugald furnished additional amusement. He requested his acceptance of a very handsome buff-dress which was lying on the floor. “I had intended it,” he said, “for my own bridal-garment, as being the least for-

midable of my warlike equipments, and I have here no peaceful dress."

Sir Dugald made the necessary apologies — would not by any means deprive — and so forth, until it happily occurred to him that it was much more according to military rule that the Earl should be married in his back and breast-pieces, which dress he had seen the bridegroom wear at the union of Prince Leo of Wittlesbach with the youngest daughter of old George Frederick, of Saxony, under the auspices of the gallant Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North, and so forth. The good-natured young earl laughed, and acquiesced; and thus having secured at least one merry face at his bridal, he put on a light and ornamented cuirass, concealed partly by a velvet coat, and partly by a broad blue silk scarf, which he wore over his shoulder, agreeably to his rank and the fashion of the times.

Every thing was now arranged, and it had been settled, that, according to the custom of the country the bride and bridegroom should not again meet until they were before the altar. The hour had already struck that summoned the bridegroom thither, and he only awaited in a small ante-room adjacent to the chapel, for the Marquis, who condescended to act as

bride's-man upon the occasion. Business relating to the army having suddenly required the Marquis's instant attention, Menteith waited his return, it may be supposed, in some impatience; and when he heard the door of the apartment open, he said, laughing, "You are late upon parade."

"You will find I am too early," said Allan M'Aulay, who burst into the apartment, "Draw, Menteith, and defend yourself like a man, or die like a dog!"

"You are mad, Allan!" answered Menteith, astonished alike at his sudden appearance and at the unutterable fury of his demeanour. His cheeks were livid — his eyes started from their sockets — his lips were covered with foam, and his gestures were those of a demoniac.

"You lie, traitor!" was his frantic reply — "you lie in that, as you lie in all you have said to me. Your life is a lie!"

"Did I not speak my thoughts when I called you mad," said Menteith, indignantly, "your own life were a brief one. In what do you charge me with deceiving you?"

"You told me," answered M'Aulay, "that you would not marry Annot Lyle! — False traitor! — she now waits you at the altar."

“It is you [who speak false,” retorted Menteith. “I told you the obscurity of her birth was the only bar to our union — that is now removed, and whom do you think yourself that I should yield up my pretensions in your favour?”

“Draw then,” said M‘Aulay; “we understand each other.”

“Not now,” said Menteith, “and not here. Allan, you know me well — wait till to-morrow, and you shall have fighting enough.”

“This hour — this instant — or never,” answered M‘Aulay. “Your triumph shall not go farther than the hour which is stricken. Menteith, I entreat you by our relationship — by our joint conflicts and labours — draw your sword, and defend your life!” As he spoke, he seized the Earl’s hand, and wrung it with such frantic earnestness, that his grasp forced the blood to start under the nails. Menteith threw him off with violence, exclaiming, — “Begone, madman!”

“Then, be the vision accomplished!” said Allan; and, drawing his dirk, struck with his whole gigantic force at the Earl’s bosom. The temper of the corslet threw the point of the

weapon upwards, but a deep wound took place between the neck and shoulder; and the force of the blow prostrated the bridegroom on the floor. Montrose entered at one side of the anteroom. The bridal company, alarmed at the noise, were in equal apprehension and surprise; but ere Montrose could almost see what had happened, Allan M'Aulay had rushed past him, and descended the castle stairs like lightning. "Guards, shut the gate!" exclaimed Montrose — "Seize him — kill him, if he resists! — He shall die if he were my brother!"

But Allan prostrated, with a second blow of his dagger, a sentinel who was upon duty — traversed the camp like a mountain-deer, though pursued by all who caught the alarm — threw himself into the river, and, swimming to the opposite side, was soon lost among the woods. In the course of the same evening, his brother Angus and his followers left Montrose's camp, and, taking the road homeward, never again rejoined him.

Of Allan himself it is said, that, in a wonderfully short space after the deed was committed, he burst into a room in the Castle of Inverara, where Argyle was sitting in council, and flung on the table his bloody dirk.

“Is it the blood of James Graham?” said Argyle, a ghastly expression of hope mixing with the terror which the sudden apparition naturally excited.

“It is the blood of his minion,” answered M’Aulay — “It is blood which I was predestined to shed, though I would rather have spilt my own.”

Having thus spoken, he turned and left the castle, and from this moment nothing certain is known of his fate. As the boy Kenneth, with three of the Children of the Mist, were seen soon afterwards to cross Lochfine, it is supposed they dogged his course, and that he perished by their hand in some obscure wilderness. Another opinion maintains, that Allan M’Aulay went abroad, and died a monk of the Carthusian order. But nothing beyond bare presumption could ever be brought in support of either opinion.

His vengeance was much less complete than he probably fancied; for Menteith, though so severely wounded as to remain long in a dangerous state, was, by having adopted Major Dalgetty’s fortunate recommendation of a cuirass as a bridal-garment, happily secured from the worst consequences of the blow. But his scr-

vices were lost to Montrose, and it was thought best that he should be conveyed with his intended countess, now truly a mourning bride, and should accompany his wounded father-in-law to the castle of Sir Duncan at Ardenvoehr. Dalgetty followed them to the water's edge, reminding Menteith of the necessity of erecting a sconce on Drumsnab to cover his lady's newly-acquired inheritance.

They performed their voyage in safety, and Menteith was in a few weeks so well in health, as to be united to Annot in the castle of her father.

The Highlanders were somewhat puzzled to reconcile Menteith's recovery with the visions of the second sight, and the more experienced Seers were displeased with him for not having died. But others thought the credit of the vision sufficiently fulfilled, by the wound inflicted by the hand, and with the weapon, foretold; and all were of opinion, that the incident of the ring, with the death's head, related to the death of the bride's father, who did not survive her marriage many months. The incredulous held, that all this was idle dreaming, and that Allan's supposed vision was but a consequence of the private suggestions of his own passion, which, having long seen in Menteith a rival more be-

loved than himself, struggled with his better nature, and impressed upon him, as it were involuntarily, the idea of killing his competitor.

Menteith did not recover sufficiently to join Montrose during his brief and glorious career; and when that heroic general disbanded his army and retired from Scotland, Menteith resolved to adopt the life of privacy, which he led till the Restoration. After that happy event, he occupied a situation in the land befitting his rank, lived long, happy alike in public regard and in domestic affection, and died at a good old age.

Our *dramatis personæ* have been so limited, that, excepting Montrose, whose exploits and fate are the theme of history, we have only to mention Sir Dugald Dalgetty. This gentleman continued, with the most rigorous punctuality, to discharge his duty, and to receive his pay, until he was made prisoner, among others, upon the field of Philliphaugh. He was condemned to share the fate of his fellow officers on that occasion, who were doomed to death rather by denunciations from the pulpit, than the sentence either of civil or military tribunal; their blood being considered as a sort of sin-offering to take away the guilt of the land, and the fate imposed upon the Canaanites, under a

special dispensation, being impiously and cruelly applied to them.

Several Low Country officers, in the service of the Covenanters, interceded for Dalgetty upon this occasion, representing him as a person whose skill would be useful in their army, and who would be readily induced to change his service. But on this point they found Sir Dugald unexpectedly obstinate. He had engaged with the King for a certain term, and, till that was expired, his principles would not permit any shadow of changing. The Covenanters, again, understood no such nice distinction, and he was in the utmost danger of falling a martyr, not to this or that political principle, but merely to strict ideas of a military enlistment. Fortunately, his friends discovered, by computation, that there remained but a fortnight to elapse of the engagement he had formed, and to which, though certain it was never to be renewed, no power on earth could make him false. With some difficulty they procured a reprieve for this short space, after which they found him perfectly willing to come under any engagements they chose to dictate. He entered the service of the Estates accordingly, and wrought himself forward to be Major in Gilbert Ker's corps, commonly called the Kirk's

Own Regiment of Horse. Of his farther history we know nothing, until we find him in possession of his paternal estate of Drumthwacket, which he acquired, not by the sword, but by a pacific intermarriage with Hannah Strachan, a matron somewhat stricken in years, the widow of the Aberdeenshire Covenanter.

Sir Dugald is supposed to have survived the Revolution, as traditions of no very distant date represent him as cruising about in that country, very old, very deaf, and very full of interminable stories about the immortal Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North, and the bulwark of the Protestant Faith.


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READER! THE TALES OF MY LANDLORD are now finally closed, and it was my purpose to have addressed thee in the vein of Jedediah Cleishbotham; but, like Horam the son of Asmar, and all other imaginary story-tellers, Jedediah has melted into thin air.

Mr Cleishbotham bore the same resemblance to Ariel, as he at whose voice he rose doth to the sage Prospero; and yet, so fond are we of the fictions of our own fancy, that I part with him, and all his imaginary localities, with idle reluctance. I am aware this is a feeling in which the reader will little sympathize; but he cannot be more sensible than I am, that sufficient varieties have now been exhibited of the Scottish character, to exhaust one individual's powers of observation, and that to persist would be useless and tedious. I have the vanity to suppose, that the popularity of these Novels has shewn my countrymen, and their peculiarities, in lights which were new to the Southern reader; and that many, hitherto indifferent upon the subject, have been induced to read Scot-



tish history, from the allusions in these works of fiction.

I retire from the field, conscious there remains behind not only a large harvest, but labourers capable of gathering it in. More than one writer has of late displayed talents of this description; and if the present author, himself a phantom, may be permitted to distinguish a brother, or perhaps a sister shadow, he would mention, in particular, the author of the very lively work, entitled «Marriage.»

*The End.*







# *Corrections to the Works of Walter Scott. Vol. 37.*

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